GOLDSMITH'S

POETICAL WORKS

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

WITH

A LIFE,

BY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

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LIFE

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B.

BY T. BABINGTON MACAULAY.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century. He was of a Protestant and Saxon family which had been long settled in Ireland, and which had, like most other Protestant and Saxon families, been, in troubled times, harassed and put in fear by the native population. His father, Charles Goldsmith, studied in the reign of Queen Anne at the diocesan school of Elphin, became attached to the daughter of the schoolmaster, married her, took orders, and settled at a place called Pallas in the county of Longford.

There he with difficulty supported his wife and children on what he could earn, partly as a curate and partly as a farmer.

At Pallas, Oliver Goldsmith was born in November, 1728. That spot was then, for all practical purposes, almost as remote from the busy and splendid capital in which his later years were passed, as any clearing in Upper Canada or any sheep-walk in Australasia now is. Even at this day those enthusiasts who venture to make a pilgrimage to the birthplace of the poet are forced to perform the latter part of their journey on foot. The hamlet lies far from any high road, on a dreary plain which, in wet weather, is often a lake. The lanes would break any jaunting car to pieces; and there are ruts and sloughs through which the most strongly built wheels cannot be dragged.

While Oliver was still a child his father was presented to a living worth about 200*l.* a-year, in the county of Westmeath. The family accordingly quitted their cottage in the wilderness for a spacious house on a frequented road, near the village of Lissoy. Here the boy was taught his letters by a maid-servant, and was sent in his

seventh year to a village school kept by an old quartermaster on half-pay, who professed to teach nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic, but who had an inexhaustible fund of stories about ghosts, banshees, and fairies, about the great Rapparee chiefs, Baldearg O'Donnell and galloping Hogan, and about the exploits of Peterborough and Stanhope, the surprise of Monjuich, and the glorious disaster of Brihuega. This man must have been of the Protestant religion; but he was of the aboriginal race, and not only spoke the Irish language, but could pour forth unpremeditated Irish verses. Oliver early became, and through life continued to be, a passionate admirer of the Irish music, and especially of the compositions of Carolan, some of the last notes of whose harp he heard. It ought to be added that Oliver, though by birth one of the Englishry, and though connected by numerous ties with the Established Church, never showed the least sign of that contemptuous antipathy with which, in his days, the ruling minority in Ireland too generally regarded the subject majority. So far indeed was he from sharing in the opinions and feelings of the caste to which he belonged that he conceived an aversion to the

Glorious and Immortal Memory, and, even when George the Third was on the throne, maintained that nothing but the restoration of the banished dynasty could save the country.

From the humble academy kept by the old soldier Goldsmith was removed in his ninth year. He went to several grammar-schools and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. His life at this time seems to have been far from happy. He had, as appears from the admirable portrait of him at Knowle, features harsh even to ugliness. The small-pox had set its mark on him with more than usual severity. His stature was small, and his limbs ill put together. Among boys little tenderness is shown to personal defects; and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance was heightened by a peculiar simplicity and a disposition to blunder which he retained to the last. He became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the play-ground, and flogged as a dunce in the school-room. When he had risen to eminence, those who had once derided him ransacked their memory for the events of his early years, and recited repartees and couplets which had dropped from

him, and which, though little noticed at the time, were supposed, a quarter of a century later, to indicate the powers which produced the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the *Deserted Village.*

In his seventeenth year Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The sizars paid nothing for food and tuition, and very little for lodging; but they had to perform some menial services from which they have long been relieved. They swept the court: they carried up the dinner to the fellows' table, and changed the plates and poured out the ale of the rulers of the society. Goldsmith was quartered, not alone, in a garret, on the window of which his name, scrawled by himself, is still read with interest. From such garrets many men of less parts than his have made their way to the woolsack or to the episcopal bench. But Goldsmith, while he suffered all the humiliations, threw away all the advantages of his situation. He neglected the studies of the place, stood low at the examinations, was turned down to the bottom of his class for playing the buffoon in the lecture room, was severely reprimanded for pumping on a constable, and was caned by a brutal tutor for giving a ball in the attic story

of the college to some gay youths and damsels from the city.

While Oliver was leading at Dublin a life divided between squalid distress and squalid dissipation, his father died, leaving a mere pittance. The youth obtained his bachelor's degree, and left the university. During some time the humble dwelling to which his widowed mother had retired was his home. He was now in his twenty-first year; it was necessary that he should do something; and his education seemed to have fitted him to do nothing but to dress himself in gaudy colours, of which he was as fond as a magpie, to take a hand at cards, to sing Irish airs, to play the flute, to angle in summer, and to tell ghost stories by the fire in winter. He tried five or six professions in turn without success. He applied for ordination; but, as he applied in scarlet clothes, he was speedily turned out of the episcopal palace. He then became tutor in an opulent family, but soon quitted his situation in consequence of a dispute about play. Then he determined to emigrate to America. His relations, with much satisfaction, saw him set out for Cork on a good horse, with thirty pounds in his pocket. But in six weeks he came back on

a miserable hack, without a penny, and informed his mother that the ship in which he had taken his passage, having got a fair wind while he was at a party of pleasure, had sailed without him. Then he resolved to study the law. A generous kinsman advanced fifty pounds. With this sum Goldsmith went to Dublin, was enticed into a gaming house, and lost every shilling. He then thought of medicine. A small purse was made up; and in his twenty-fourth year he was sent to Edinburgh. At Edinburgh he passed eighteen months in nominal attendance on lectures, and picked up some superficial information about chemistry and natural history. Thence he went to Leyden, still pretending to study physic. He left that celebrated university, the third university at which he had resided, in his twenty-seventh year, without a degree, with the merest smattering of medical knowledge, and with no property but his clothes and his flute. His flute, however, proved a useful friend. He rambled on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland, playing tunes which everywhere set the peasantry dancing, and which often procured for him a supper and a bed. He wandered as far as Italy. His musical performances, indeed, were not to the taste

of the Italians; but he contrived to live on the alms which he obtained at the gates of convents. It should, however, be observed, that the stories which he told about this part of his life ought to be received with great caution; for strict veracity was never one of his virtues; and a man who is ordinarily inaccurate in narration is likely to be more than ordinarily inaccurate when he talks about his own travels. Goldsmith, indeed, was so regardless of truth as to assert in print that he was present at a most interesting conversation between Voltaire and Fontenelle, and that this conversation took place at Paris. Now it is certain that Voltaire never was within a hundred leagues of Paris during the whole time which Goldsmith passed on the continent.

In 1756 the wanderer landed at Dover, without a shilling, without a friend, and without a calling. He had, indeed, if his own unsupported evidence may be trusted, obtained from the University of Padua a doctor's degree; but this dignity proved utterly useless to him. In England his flute was not in request: there were no convents; and he was forced to have recourse to a series of desperate expedients. He turned strolling player; but his face and

figure were ill suited to the boards even of the humblest theatre. He pounded drugs and ran about London with phials for charitable chemists. He joined a swarm of beggars, which made its nest in Axe Yard. He was for a time usher of a school, and felt the miseries and humiliations of this situation so keenly, that he thought it a promotion to be permitted to earn his bread as a bookseller's hack; but he soon found the new yoke more galling than the old one, and was glad to become an usher again. He obtained a medical appointment in the service of the East India Company; but the appointment was speedily revoked. Why it was revoked we are not told. The subject was one on which he never liked to talk. It is probable that he was incompetent to perform the duties of the place. Then he presented himself at Surgeon's Hall for examination, as mate to a naval hospital. Even to so humble a post he was found unequal. By this time the schoolmaster whom he had served for a morsel of food and the third part of a bed was no more. Nothing remained but to return to the lowest drudgery of literature. Goldsmith took a garret in a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder

of flagstones called Breakneck Steps. The court and the ascent have long disappeared; but old Londoners well remember both. Here, at thirty, the unlucky adventurer sat down to toil like a galley slave.

In the succeeding six years he sent to the press some things which have survived, and many which have perished. He produced articles for reviews, magazines, and newspapers; children's books, which, bound in gilt paper and adorned with hideous woodcuts, appeared in the window of the once far-famed shop at the corner of Saint Paul's Churchyard; *An Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe*, which, though of little or no value, is still reprinted among his works; a *Life of Beau Nash*, which is not reprinted, though it well deserves to be so; a superficial and incorrect, but very readable, *History of England*, in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a nobleman to his son; and some very lively and amusing *Sketches of London Society*, in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a Chinese traveller to his friends. All these works were anonymous; but some of them were well known to be Goldsmith's; and he gradually rose in the estimation of the booksellers for whom he drudged. He

was, indeed, emphatically a popular writer. For accurate research or grave disquisition he was not well qualified by nature or by education. He knew nothing accurately: his reading had been desultory; nor had he meditated deeply on what he had read. He had seen much of the world; but he had noticed and retained little more of what he had seen than some grotesque incidents and characters which had happened to strike his fancy. But, though his mind was very scantily stored with materials, he used what materials he had in such a way as to produce a wonderful effect. There have been many greater writers; but perhaps no writer was ever more uniformly agreeable. His style was always pure and easy, and, on proper occasions, pointed and energetic. His narratives were always amusing, his descriptions always picturesque, his humour rich and joyous, yet not without an occasional tinge of amiable sadness. About everything that he wrote, serious or sportive, there was a certain natural grace and decorum, hardly to be expected from a man a great part of whose life had been passed among thieves and beggars, street-walkers and merry-andrews, in those squalid dens which are the reproach of great capitals.

As his name gradually became known, the circle of his acquaintance widened. He was introduced to Johnson, who was then considered as the first of living English writers; to Reynolds, the first of English painters; and to Burke, who had not yet entered parliament, but had distinguished himself greatly by his writings and by the eloquence of his conversation. With these eminent men Goldsmith became intimate. In 1763 he was one of the nine original members of that celebrated fraternity which has sometimes been called the Literary Club, but which has always disclaimed that epithet, and still glories in the simple name of The Club.

By this time Goldsmith had quitted his miserable dwelling at the top of Breakneck Steps, and had taken chambers in the more civilized region of the Inns of Court. But he was still often reduced to pitiable shifts. Towards the close of 1764 his rent was so long in arrear that his landlady one morning called in the help of a sheriff's officer. The debtor, in great perplexity, despatched a messenger to Johnson; and Johnson, always friendly, though often surly, sent back the messenger with a guinea, and promised to follow speedily. He came, and found that

Goldsmith had changed the guinea, and was railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira. Johnson put the cork into the bottle, and entreated his friend to consider calmly how money was to be procured. Goldsmith said that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson glanced at the manuscript, saw that there were good things in it, took it to a bookseller, sold it for 60*l.*, and soon returned with the money. The rent was paid; and the sheriff's officer withdrew. According to one story, Goldsmith gave his landlady a sharp reprimand for her treatment of him; according to another, he insisted on her joining him in a bowl of punch. Both stories are probably true. The novel which was thus ushered into the world was the *Vicar of Wakefield.*

But before the *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared in print came the great crisis of Goldsmith's literary life. In Christmas week, 1764, he published a poem, entitled the *Traveller.* It was the first work to which he had put his name; and it at once raised him to the rank of a legitimate English classic. The opinion of the most skilful critics was, that nothing finer had appeared in verse since the fourth book of the *Dunciad.* In one respect the

Traveller differs from all Goldsmith's other writings. In general his designs were bad, and his execution good. In the *Traveller*, the execution, though deserving of much praise, is far inferior to the design. No philosophical poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble, and at the same time so simple. An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the varieties of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our own minds.

While the fourth edition of the *Traveller* was on the counters of the booksellers, the *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared, and rapidly obtained a popularity which has lasted down to our own time, and which is likely to last as long as our language. The fable is indeed one of the worst that ever was constructed. It wants, not merely that probability which ought to be found in a tale of common English life, but that consistency which ought to be found

even in the wildest fiction about witches, giants, and fairies. But the earlier chapters have all the sweetness of pastoral poetry, together with all the vivacity of comedy. Moses and his spectacles, the vicar and his monogamy, the sharper and his cosmogony, the squire proving from Aristotle that relatives are related, Olivia preparing herself for the arduous task of converting a rakish lover by studying the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the great ladies with their scandal about Sir Tomkyn's amours and Dr. Burdock's verses, and Mr. Burchell with his "Fudge," have caused as much harmless mirth as has ever been caused by matter packed into so small a number of pages. The latter part of the tale is unworthy of the beginning. As we approach the catastrophe, the absurdities lie thicker and thicker; and the gleams of pleasantry become rarer and rarer.

The success which had attended Goldsmith as a novelist emboldened him to try his fortune as a dramatist. He wrote the *Good-natured Man*, a piece which had a worse fate than it deserved. Garrick refused to produce it at Drury Lane. It was acted at Covent Garden in 1768, but was coldly received. The author, however,

cleared by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright, no less than 500*l.*, five times as much as he had made by the *Traveller* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* together. The plot of the *Good-natured Man* is, like almost all Goldsmith's plots, very ill constructed. But some passages are exquisitely ludicrous; much more ludicrous, indeed, than suited the taste of the town at that time. A canting, mawkish play, entitled *False Delicacy*, had just had an immense run. Sentimentality was all the mode. During some years, more tears were shed at comedies than at tragedies; and a pleasantry which moved the audience to anything more than a grave smile was reprobated as low. It is not strange, therefore, that the very best scene in the *Good-natured Man*, that in which Miss Richland finds her lover attended by the bailiff and the bailiff's follower in full court dresses, should have been mercilessly hissed, and should have been omitted after the first night.

In 1770 appeared the *Deserted Village*. In mere diction and versification this celebrated poem is fully equal, perhaps superior to the *Traveller;* and it is generally preferred to the *Traveller* by that large class of readers

who think, with Bayes in the *Rehearsal*, that the only use of a plan is to bring in fine things. More discerning judges, however, while they admire the beauty of the details, are shocked by one unpardonable fault which pervades the whole. The fault which we mean is not that theory about wealth and luxury which has so often been censured by political economists. The theory is indeed false: but the poem, considered merely as a poem, is not necessarily the worse on that account. The finest poem in the Latin language, indeed the finest didactic poem in any language, was written in defence of the silliest and meanest of all systems of natural and moral philosophy. A poet may easily be pardoned for reasoning ill; but he cannot be pardoned for describing ill, for observing the world in which he lives so carelessly that his portraits bear no resemblance to the originals, for exhibiting as copies from real life monstrous combinations of things which never were and never could be found together. What would be thought of a painter who should mix August and January in one landscape, who should introduce a frozen river into a harvest scene? Would it be a sufficient defence of such a picture to say that every part was exquisitely

coloured, that the green hedges, the apple-trees loaded with fruit, the wagons reeling under the yellow sheaves, and the sun-burned reapers wiping their foreheads were very fine, and that the ice and the boys sliding were also very fine? To such a picture the *Deserted Village* bears a great resemblance. It is made up of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity, as his *Auburn*. He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent: the ejectment he had probably seen in Munster; but by joining the two, he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world.

In 1773 Goldsmith tried his chance at Covent Garden with a second play, *She Stoops to Conquer*. The manager

was not without great difficulty induced to bring this piece out. The sentimental comedy still reigned, and Goldsmith's comedies were not sentimental. The *Good-natured Man* had been too funny to succeed; yet the mirth of the *Good-natured Man* was sober when compared with the rich drollery of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is, in truth, an incomparable farce in five acts. On this occasion, however, genius triumphed. Pit, boxes, and galleries, were in a constant roar of laughter. If any bigoted admirer of Kelly and Cumberland ventured to hiss or groan he was speedily silenced by a general cry of "turn him out," or "throw him over." Two generations have since confirmed the verdict which was pronounced on that night.

While Goldsmith was writing the *Deserted Village* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, he was employed on works of a very different kind, works from which he derived little reputation but much profit. He compiled for the use of schools a *History of Rome* by which he made 300*l.*, a *History of England* by which he made 600*l.*, a *History of Greece* for which he received 250*l.*, a *Natural History*, for which the booksellers covenanted to pay him 800 guineas. These works he produced without any elaborate research,

by merely selecting, abridging, and translating into his own clear, pure, and flowing language, what he found in books well known to the world, but too bulky or too dry for boys and girls. He committed some strange blunders: for he knew nothing with accuracy. Thus in his *History of England* he tells us that Naseby is in Yorkshire; nor did he correct this mistake when the book was reprinted. He was very nearly hoaxed into putting into the *History of Greece* an account of a battle between Alexander the Great and Montezuma. In his *Animated Nature* he relates, with faith and with perfect gravity, all the most absurd lies which he could find in books of travels about gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, nightingales that repeat long conversations. "If he can tell a horse from a cow," said Johnson, "that is the extent of his knowledge of zoology." How little Goldsmith was qualified to write about the physical sciences is sufficiently proved by two anecdotes. He on one occasion denied that the sun is longer in the northern than in the southern signs. It was vain to cite the authority of Maupertuis. "Maupertuis!" he cried, "I understand those matters better than Maupertuis." On another occasion he, in

defiance of the evidence of his own senses, maintained obstinately, and even angrily, that he chewed his dinner by moving his upper jaw.

Yet, ignorant as Goldsmith was, few writers have done more to make the first steps in the laborious road to knowledge easy and pleasant. His compilations are widely distinguished from the compilations of ordinary bookmakers. He was a great, perhaps an unequalled, master of the arts of selection and condensation. In these respects his histories of Rome and of England, and still more his own abridgments of these histories, well deserved to be studied. In general nothing is less attractive than an epitome: but the epitomes of Goldsmith, even when most concise, are always amusing; and to read them is considered by intelligent children, not as a task but as a pleasure.

Goldsmith might now be considered as a prosperous man. He had the means of living in comfort, and even in what to one who had so often slept in barns and on bulks must have been luxury. His fame was great and was constantly rising. He lived in what was intellectually far the best society of the kingdom, in a society in which no talent

or accomplishment was wanting, and in which the art of conversation was cultivated with splendid success. There probably were never four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick; and Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy with all the four. He aspired to share in their colloquial renown; but never was ambition more unfortunate. It may seem strange that a man who wrote with so much perspicuity, vivacity, and grace, should have been, whenever he took a part in conversation, an empty, noisy, blundering, rattle. But on this point the evidence is overwhelming. So extraordinary was the contrast between Goldsmith's published works and the silly things which he said, that Horace Walpole described him as an inspired idiot. "Noll," said Garrick, "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Pol." Chamier declared that it was a hard exercise of faith to believe that so foolish a chatterer could have really written the *Traveller*. Even Boswell could say, with contemptuous compassion, that he liked very well to hear honest Goldsmith run on. "Yes, sir," said Johnson, "but he should not like to hear himself." Minds differ as rivers differ. There are transparent and spark-

ling rivers from which it is delightful to drink as they flow; to such rivers the minds of such men as Burke and Johnson may be compared. But there are rivers of which the water when first drawn is turbid and noisome, but becomes pellucid as crystal and delicious to the taste if it be suffered to stand till it has deposited a sediment; and such a river is a type of the mind of Goldsmith. His first thoughts on every subject were confused even to absurdity, but they required only a little time to work themselves clear. When he wrote they had that time; and therefore his readers pronounced him a man of genius: but when he talked he talked nonsense, and made himself the laughing-stock of his hearers. He was painfully sensible of his inferiority in conversation; he felt every failure keenly; yet he had not sufficient judgment and self-command to hold his tongue. His animal spirits and vanity were always impelling him to try to do the one thing which he could not do. After every attempt he felt that he had exposed himself, and writhed with shame and vexation; yet the next moment he began again.

His associates seem to have regarded him with kindness, which, in spite of their admiration of his writings,

was not unmixed with contempt. In truth, there was in his character much to love, but very little to respect. His heart was soft even to weakness: he was so generous, that he quite forgot to be just; he forgave injuries so readily, that he might be said to invite them, and was so liberal to beggars, that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. He was vain, sensual, frivolous, profuse, improvident. One vice of a darker shade was imputed to him, envy. But there is not the least reason to believe that this bad passion, though it sometimes made him wince and utter fretful exclamations, ever impelled him to injure by wicked arts the reputation of any of his rivals. The truth probably is, that he was not more envious, but merely less prudent than his neighbours. His heart was on his lips. All those small jealousies, which are but too common among men of letters, but which a man of letters who is also a man of the world does his best to conceal, Goldsmith avowed with the simplicity of a child. When he was envious, instead of affecting indifference, instead of damning with faint praise, instead of doing injuries slyly and in the dark, he told everybody that he was envious. "Do not, pray, do not, talk of Johnson in such terms," he said

to Boswell; "you harrow up my very soul." George Steevens and Cumberland were men far too cunning to say such a thing. They would have echoed the praises of the man whom they envied, and then have sent to the newspapers anonymous libels upon him. Both what was good and what was bad in Goldsmith's character was to his associates a perfect security that he would never commit such villany. He was neither ill-natured enough, nor long-headed enough, to be guilty of any malicious act which required contrivance and disguise.

Goldsmith has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with difficulties, which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through much sharp misery before he had done anything considerable in literature. But after his name had appeared on the title page of the *Traveller*, he had none but himself to blame for his distresses. His average income, during the last seven years of his life, certainly exceeded 400*l.* a-year, and 400*l.* a-year ranked, among the incomes of that day, at least as high as 800*l.* a-year would rank at present. A single man living in the

Temple, with 400*l.* a-year, might then be called opulent. Not one in ten of the young gentlemen of good families who were studying the law there had so much. But all the wealth which Lord Clive had brought from Bengal, and Sir Lawrence Dundas from Germany, joined together, would not have sufficed for Goldsmith. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave dinners of several courses, paid court to venal beauties. He had also, it should be remembered, to the honour of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false. But it was not in dress or feasting, in promiscuous amours or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskilful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers, by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than 2000*l.*; and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way. He was attacked by a nervous fever, which he

thought himself competent to treat. It would have been happy for him if his medical skill had been appreciated as justly by himself as by others. Notwithstanding the degree which he pretended to have received at Padua, he could procure no patients. "I do not practise," he once said; "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends." "Pray, dear Doctor," said Beauclerk, "alter your rule; and prescribe only for your enemies." Goldsmith now, in spite of this excellent advice, prescribed for himself. The remedy aggravated the malady. The sick man was induced to call in real physicians; and they at one time imagined that they had cured the disease. Still his weakness and restlessness continued. He could get no sleep. He could take no food. "You are worse," said one of his medical attendants, "than you should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No; it is not," were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He died on the 3d of April, 1774, in his forty-sixth year. He was laid in the churchyard of the Temple; but the spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten. The coffin was followed by Burke and Rey-

nolds. Both these great men were sincere mourners. Burke, when he heard of Goldsmith's death, had burst into a flood of tears. Reynolds had been so much moved by the news that he had flung aside his brush and palette for the day.

A short time after Goldsmith's death, a little poem appeared, which will, as long as our language lasts, associate the names of his two illustrious friends with his own. It has already been mentioned that he sometimes felt keenly the sarcasm which his wild blundering talk brought upon him. He was, not long before his last illness, provoked into retaliating. He wisely betook himself to his pen; and at that weapon he proved himself a match for all his assailants together. Within a small compass he drew with a singularly easy and vigorous pencil the characters of nine or ten of his intimate associates. Though this little work did not receive his last touches, it must always be regarded as a masterpiece. It is impossible, however, not to wish that four or five likenesses which have no interest for posterity were wanting to that noble gallery, and that their places were supplied by sketches

of Johnson and Gibbon, as happy and vivid as the sketches of Burke and Garrick.

Some of Goldsmith's friends and admirers honoured him with a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey. Nollekens was the sculptor; and Johnson wrote the inscription. It is much to be lamented that Johnson did not leave to posterity a more durable and a more valuable memorial of his friend. A life of Goldsmith would have been an inestimable addition to the Lives of the Poets. No man appreciated Goldsmith's writings more justly than Johnson: no man was better acquainted with Goldsmith's character and habits; and no man was more competent to delineate with truth and spirit the peculiarities of a mind in which great powers were found in company with great weaknesses. But the list of poets to whose works Johnson was requested by the booksellers to furnish prefaces ended with Lyttelton, who died in 1773. The line seems to have been drawn expressly for the purpose of excluding the person whose portrait would have most fitly closed the series. Goldsmith, however, has been fortunate in his biographers. Within a few years his life has been written

by Mr. Prior, by Mr. Washington Irving, and by Mr. Forster. The diligence of Mr. Prior deserves great praise; the style of Mr. Washington Irving is always pleasing; but the highest place must, in justice, be assigned to the eminently interesting work of Mr. Forster.

DESCRIPTIVE POEMS.

THE TRAVELLER.

TO THE

REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

Dear Sir,

I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition—what from the refinement of the times, from differing systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party—that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, painting and music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival poetry, and at length supplant her: they engross all that favour once shown to her; and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse and pindaric odes, choruses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it;

and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say—for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous; I mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader who has once gratified his appetite with calumny makes ever after the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell; nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show, that there may be equal happiness in states that are

differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness; and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am, DEAR SIR,

Your most affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

TRAVELLER;[1]

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow—
Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po,[2]
Or onward where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door,
Or where Campania's[3] plain forsaken lies
A weary waste expanding to the skies—
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend:

Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care—
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view,
That like the circle bounding earth and skies
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies—
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an[4] hundred realms appear—

Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns with wealth and splendour crown'd,
Ye fields where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains that dress the flowery vale—
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er—
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still—
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies,

As different good, by art or nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call:
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;[5]
And, though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art, more various are the blessings sent—
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content;
Yet these each other's power so strong contest
That either seems destructive of the rest:
Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone;
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends—
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies;

Here, for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,[6]
Bright as the summer Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride,
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground—
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year—
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die—
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows;
In florid beauty groves and fields appear—
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here!
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue—
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs—nor far removed the date
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state.
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies,
The convass glow'd beyond even nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail,
While nought remain'd, of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd and lords without a slave—
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride:
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love—
A mistress or a saint in every grove:
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child.
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind
In happier meanness occupy the mind.
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display—

Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed—
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal—
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep;
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;

Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze—
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast—
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

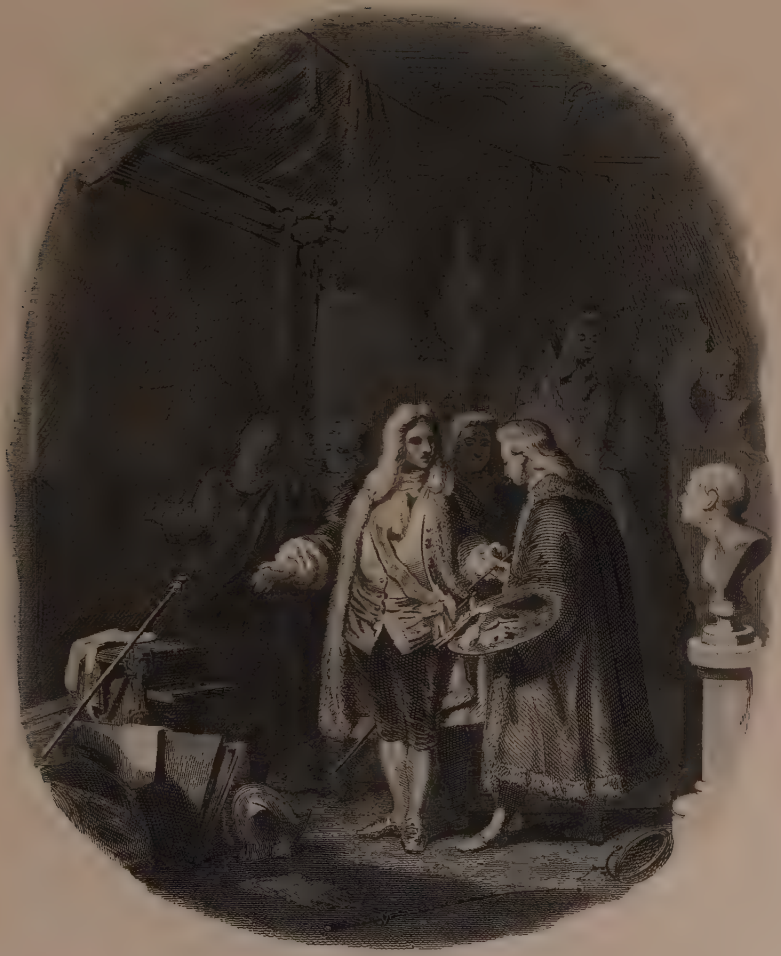
Such are the charms to barren states assign'd—
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd;

Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies.
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve and vibrate through the frame:
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow—
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run—
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.

Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way—
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please—
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire,
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew!
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill—
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.



They plann'd, in brief, they gave to glorious

So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current—paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise—
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought—
And the weak soul, within itself unbless'd,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;

Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore—
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain—
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,

Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear—
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys:
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves;
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old—
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,[7]
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide.[8]

There, all around, the gentlest breezes stray;
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd:
Extremes are only in the master's mind.
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great.
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs—a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control;
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bless'd indeed were such without alloy,
But, foster'd even by freedom, ills annoy.
That independence Britons prize too high
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie:
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone—
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.

Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore—
Till, overwrought, the general system feels
Its motion stopp'd, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come when, stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms—
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame—
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonoured die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great.
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!

And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel—
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt or favour's fostering sun—
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil—
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms;
But, when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own—
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free—
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law—

The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home—
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart:
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother! curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus, polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train—
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,[9]
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,

Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main—
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,[10]
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?[11]

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways,
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim—
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise—
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,[12]
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant-kings or tyrant-laws restrain,[13]
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy;
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Zeck's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,[14]
To men remote from power but rarely known—
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations, in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object—and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion—that the depopulation it deplores is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to

consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that merely for the sake of novelty and variety one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, DEAR SIR,

Your sincere friend,

and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN![2] loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd—
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please—
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene;
How often have I paus'd on every charm—
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,

The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made;
How often have I bless'd the coming day
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree—
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd,
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round:
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd—
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down,
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face
While secret laughter titter'd round the place,
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;[3]
Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man:
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to opulence allied;
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look and brighten'd all the green—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,

And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew—
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill—
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O bless'd retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine!
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;

Who quits a world where strong temptations try—
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves, to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend—
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way—
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be pass'd.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.[4]
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled—
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring,
She, wretched matron—forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain!

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild—
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear;
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;

Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour,
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize—
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain:
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away—
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side—
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood: at his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay—
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd—
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too,
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage—
And even the story ran that he could gauge.

In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics ranged around—
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But pass'd is all his fame: the very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door—
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day—
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose—

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay—
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks; nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be press'd,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train—
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway—
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd;
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain—
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay—
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and an happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around;
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied—

Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure—all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes—
But when those charms are pass'd, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail—
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd:
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd—
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;

While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band—
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside
To scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe:
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train—

Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy;
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd—
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head—
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN! thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.[5]
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day—
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling—
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around—
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake—
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,[6]
And savage men more murderous still than they—
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene;
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;

When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their last—
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main—
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, the first, prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe—
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave;
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms;
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear—
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee;

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe—
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land:
Down, where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move—a melancholy band—
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand;
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there—
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet poetry! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,

Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame—
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride—
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first and keep'st me so—
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well.
Farewell! and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Tornea's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,[7]
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime.
Aid slighted truth: with thy persuasive strain
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,[8]
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away—
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO AN IMPERTINENT MUSICIAN—

EXTEMPORE.[1]

Our herald hath proclaim'd this saying:
"See Æsop dancing"—and his monkey playing.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

John Trott was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears!
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces—
As I hope to be sav'd!—without thinking on asses."

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH
STRUCK BLIND WITH LIGHTNING.[3]

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Sure 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

THE GIFT.[4]

TO IRIS, IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make,
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver—
Say, would the angry fair-one prize
The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give; and let them:
If gems or gold impart a joy,
I'll give them; when I get them.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or rose bud more in fashion—
Such short-liv'd offerings but disclose
A transitory passion—

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil!

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.[5]

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

Logicians have but ill defin'd,
As rational, the human mind;
Reason, they say, belongs to man—
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglecius,[6]
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditum—[7]
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em;
And must in spite of them maintain
That man and all his ways are vain,
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature—

That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason-boasting mortals' pride,
And that brute beasts are far before 'em:
Deus est anima brutorum.[8]
Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute;
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court;
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend a foe;
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.[9]
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Paternoster-row;
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets, or poetasters,

Are known to honest quadrupeds;
No single brute his fellows leads;
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape:
Like man he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion;
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the minister of state;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators:
At court, the porters, lackeys, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract—
And footmen, lords and dukes can act.
Thus at the court, both great and small
Behave alike—for all ape all.

A MADRIGAL.[10]

Weeping, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight—
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears the approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection,
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear.

STANZAS.

ON

THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.[11]

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasures start.

O Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes;
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead—
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise!

AN ELEGY ON THAT GLORY OF HER SEX,

MRS MARY BLAIZE.[12]

Good people all, with one accord
Lament for madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

Though poor the parents take her part through small

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more:
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That, had she liv'd a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

DESCRIPTION

OF

AN AUTHOR'S BEDCHAMBER.[13]

WHERE the Red-lion, flaring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay—
Where Calvert's[14] butt, and Parson's *black champagne*,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane—
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The muse found Scroggen, stretch'd beneath a rug
A window patch'd with paper, lent a ray[15]
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay:
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal game of goose was there in view
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;

The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave prince William[16] show'd his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold—he views with keen desire
The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire;
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney-board;
A nightcap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day!

ON SEEING MRS. ** PERFORM IN THE CHARACTER OF **** [17]

To you, bright fair, the *nine* address their lays,
And tune my feeble voice to sing thy praise;
The heartfelt power of every charm divine—
Who can withstand their all-commanding shine!
See how she moves along with every grace,
While soul-brought tears steal down each shining face.
She speaks—'tis rapture all, and nameless bliss;
Ye gods! what transport e'er compar'd to this?
As when, in Paphian groves, the queen of love
With fond complaint address'd the listening Jove—
'Twas joy and endless blisses all around,
And rocks forgot their hardness at the sound!
Then first, at last, even Jove was taken in;
And felt her charms, without disguise, within.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ***.[18]

Ye muses, pour the pitying tear
For Pollio snatch'd away;
Oh! had he liv'd another year—
He had not died to-day.

Oh! were he born to bless mankind
In virtuous times of yore,
Heroes themselves had fallen behind—
Whene'er he went before.

How sad the groves and plains appear,
And sympathetic sheep;
Even pitying hills would drop a tear—
If hills could learn to weep.

His bounty in exalted strain
Each bard might well display,
Since none implor'd relief in vain—
That went reliev'd away.

And hark! I hear the tuneful throng
His obsequies forbid;
He still shall live, shall live as long—
As ever dead man did.

TRANSLATION OF A SOUTH AMERICAN ODE.[19]

In all my Enna's beauties bless'd,
Amidst profusion still I pine;
For though she gives me up her breast,
Its panting tenant is not mine.

THE CAPTIVITY:

AN ORATORIO.[20]

ACT I.

SCENE. Israelites *sitting on the banks of the Euphrates.*

FIRST PROPHET.

Recitative.

YE captive tribes, that hourly work and weep
Where flows Euphrates, murmuring to the deep—
Suspend a while the task, the tear suspend,
And turn to God, your father and your friend:
Insulted, chain'd, and all the world a foe,
Our God alone is all we boast below.

Chorus of ISRAELITES.

Our God is all we boast below,
To him we turn our eyes;
And every added weight of woe
Shall make our homage rise:

And though no temple richly dress'd,
Nor sacrifice is here—
We'll make his temple in our breast,
And offer up a tear.

SECOND PROPHET.

Recitative.

That strain once more: it bids remembrance rise,
And calls my long-lost country to mine eyes.
Ye fields of Sharon, dress'd in flowery pride;
Ye plains, where Jordan rolls its glassy tide;
Ye hills of Lebanon, with cedars crown'd;
Ye Gilead groves, that fling perfumes around:
These hills how sweet! those plains how wondrous fair!
But sweeter still, when Heaven was with us there.

Air.

O memory! thou fond deceiver—
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe:
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee *must ever find a foe.*

FIRST PROPHET.

Recitative.

Yet, why repine? what, though by bonds confin'd,
Should bonds enslave the vigour of the mind?
Have we not cause for triumph, when we see
Ourselves alone from idol-worship free?
Are not this very day those rites begun
Where prostrate folly hails the rising sun?
Do not our tyrant lords this day ordain
For superstitious rites and mirth profane?
And should we mourn? Should coward virtue fly
When impious folly rears her front on high?
No; rather let us triumph still the more—
And as our fortune sinks, our wishes soar.

Air.

The triumphs that on vice attend
Shall ever in confusion end;

The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain:

As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow—
But crush'd, or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

SECOND PROPHET.

Recitative.

But hush, my sons! our tyrant lords are near—
The sound of barbarous mirth offends mine ear;
Triumphant music floats along the vale—
Near, nearer still, it gathers on the gale;
The growing note their near approach declares—
Desist, my sons, nor mix the strain with theirs.

Enter Chaldean Priests, *attended.*

FIRST PRIEST.

Air.

Come on, my companions, the triumph display—
Let rapture the minutes employ;

The sun calls us out on this festival day,
And our monarch partakes of our joy.

Like the sun, our great monarch all pleasure supplies;
Both similar blessings bestow:
The sun with his splendour illumines the skies;
And our monarch enlivens below.

CHALDEAN WOMAN.

Haste! ye sprightly sons of pleasure,
Love presents its brightest treasure;
Leave all other sports for me.

CHALDEAN ATTENDANT.

Or rather, love's delights despising,
Haste to raptures ever rising:
Wine shall bless the brave and free.

SECOND PRIEST.

Wine and beauty thus inviting,
Each to different joys exciting,
Whither shall my choice incline?

FIRST PRIEST.

I'll waste no longer thought in choosing;
But, neither love nor wine refusing,
I'll make them both together mine.

Recitative.

But whence, when joy should brighten o'er the land,
This sullen gloom in Judah's captive band?
Ye sons of Judah, why the lute unstrung;
Or why those harps on yonder willows hung?
Come, leave your griefs, and join our tuneful choir—
For who like you can wake the sleeping lyre!

SECOND PROPHET.

Bow'd down with chains, the scorn of all mankind,
To want, to toil, and every ill consign'd—
Is this a time to bid us raise the strain,
And mix in rites that Heaven regards with pain?
No, never!—May this hand forget each art
That speeds the powers of music to the heart,
Ere I forget the land that gave me birth,
Or join with sounds profane its sacred mirth!

FIRST PRIEST.

Insulting slaves! if gentler methods fail,
The whip and angry tortures shall prevail.

[*Exeunt* Chaldeans.

FIRST PROPHET.

Why, let them come, one good remains to cheer;
We fear the Lord, and know no other fear.

Chorus.

Can whips or tortures hurt the mind
On God's supporting breast reclin'd?
Stand fast—and let our tyrants see
That fortitude is victory.

End of the first Act.

ACT II.

Scene as before.

Chorus of ISRAELITES.

O peace of mind! thou lovely guest,
Thou softest soother of the breast,
Dispense thy balmy store;
Wing all our thoughts to reach the skies,
Till earth, diminish'd to our eyes,
Shall vanish as we soar.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

No more! Too long has justice been delay'd—
The king's commands must fully be obey'd:
Compliance with his will your peace secures;
Praise but our gods, and every good is yours.
But if, rebellious to his high command,
You spurn the favours offer'd at his hand—
Think, timely think, what ills remain behind;
Reflect, nor tempt to rage the royal mind.

SECOND PRIEST.

Air.

Fierce is the whirlwind howling
O'er Afric's sandy plain;
And fierce the tempest rolling
Along the furrow'd main:

But storms that fly,
To rend the sky,
Every ill presaging—
Less dreadful show
To worlds below
Than angry monarchs raging.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Recitative.

Ah, me! what angry terrors round us grow
How shrinks my soul to meet the threaten'd blow!
Ye prophets, skill'd in Heaven's eternal truth,
Forgive my sex's fears, forgive my youth,

If shrinking thus, when frówning power appears,
I wish for life, and yield me to my fears.
Let us one hour, one little hour obey;
To-mor row's tears may wash our stains away.

Air.

The wretch *condemn'd with life to part,*
Still, still on hope relies;
And *every* pang *that rends the heart,*
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the *glimmering* taper's light,
Adorns and cheers *the* way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SECOND PRIEST.

Recitative.

Why this delay? At length for joy prepare;
I read your looks, and see compliance there.
Come, raise the strain, and grasp the full-ton'd lyre—
The time, the theme, the place, and all conspire.

CHALDEAN WOMAN.

Air.

See the ruddy morning smiling,
Hear the grove to bliss beguiling;
Zephyrs through the valley playing,
Streams along the meadow straying.

FIRST PRIEST.

While these a constant revel keep,
Shall reason only bid me weep?
Hence, intruder! we'll pursue
Nature—a better guide than you.

SECOND PRIEST.

Every moment, as it flows,
Some peculiar pleasure owes;
Then let us, providently wise,
Seize the debtor as it flies.

Think not to-morrow can repay
The pleasures that we lose to-day;

To-morrow's most unbounded store
Can but pay its proper score.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

But, hush! see foremost of the captive choir
The master-prophet grasps his full-ton'd lyre;
Mark where he sits, with executing art,
Feels for each tone, and speeds it to the heart.
See inspiration fills his rising form,
Awful as clouds that nurse the growing storm;
And now his voice, accordant to the string,
Prepares our monarch's victories to sing.

FIRST PROPHET.

Air.

From north, from south, from east, from west,
Conspiring foes shall come:
Tremble thou vice-polluted breast;
Blasphemers, all be dumb.

The tempest gathers all around—
Or Babylon it lies;
Down with her! down—down to the ground;
She sinks, she groans, she dies.

SECOND PROPHET.

Down with her, Lord, to lick the dust,
Ere yonder setting sun;
Serve her as she hath serv'd the just:
'Tis fix'd—it shall be done.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

Enough! when slaves thus insolent presume,
The king himself shall judge and fix their doom.
Short-sighted wretches! have not you and all
Beheld our power in Zedekiah's fall?
To yonder gloomy dungeon turn your eyes—
Mark where dethron'd your captive monarch lies;
Depriv'd of sight, and rankling in his chain,
He calls on death to terminate his pain.

Yet know, ye slaves, that still remain behind
More ponderous chains, and dungeons more confin'd.

Chorus.

Arise, All-potent Ruler, rise,
And vindicate thy people's cause—
Till every tongue, in every land,
Shall offer up unfeign'd applause.

End of the second Act.

ACT III.

Scene as before.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

Yes, my companions, Heaven's decrees are pass'd,
And our fix'd empire shall for ever last:
In vain the maddening prophet threatens woe—
In vain rebellion aims her secret blow;

Still shall our fame and growing power be spread,
And still our vengeance crush the guilty head.

Air.

Coeval with man
Our empire began,
And never shall fall
Till ruin shakes all:
With the ruin of all
Shall Babylon fall.

SECOND [FIRST ?] PROPHET.

Recitative.

'Tis thus that pride triumphant rears the head—
A little while, and all her power is fled;
But, ha! what means yon sadly plaintive train
That this way slowly bends along the plain?
And now, methinks, a pallid corse they bear
To yonder bank, and rest the body there.
Alas! too well mine eyes observant trace
The last remains of Judah's royal race:

Our monarch falls, and now our fears are o'er;
The wretched Zedekiah is no more!

Air.

Ye wretches who, by fortune's hate,
In want and sorrow groan—
Come, ponder his severer fate,
And learn to bless your own.

Ye sons, from fortune's lap supplied,
A while the bliss suspend;
Like yours, his life began in pride—
Like his, your lives may end.

SECOND PROPHET.

[*Recitative.*]

Behold his squalid corse with sorrow worn,
His wretched limbs with ponderous fetters torn;
Those eyeless orbs that shock with ghastly glare,
These ill becoming robes, and matted hair.

And shall not Heaven for this its terrors show,
And deal its angry vengeance on the foe?
How long, how long, Almighty Lord of all,
Shall wrath vindictive threaten ere it fall!

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Air.

As panting flies the hunted hind,
Where brooks refreshing stray;
And rivers through the valley wind,
That stop the hunter's way:

Thus we, O Lord, alike distress'd,
For streams of mercy long;
Those streams that cheer the sore-oppress'd,
And overwhelm the strong.

FIRST PROPHET.

Recitative.

But, whence that shout? Good heavens! amazement all!
See yonder tower just nodding to the fall;

See where an army covers all the ground,
Saps the strong wall, and pours destruction round:
The ruin smokes, destruction pours along—
How low the great, how feeble are the strong!
The foe prevails, the lofty walls recline;
O God of hosts, the victory is thine!

Chorus of ISRAELITES.

Down with her, Lord, to lick the dust—
Let vengeance be begun;
Serve her as she hath serv'd the just,
And let thy will be done.

FIRST PRIEST.

[*Recitative.*]

All, all is lost. The Syrian army fails;
Cyrus, the conqueror of the world, prevails!
Save us, O Lord! to thee, though late, we pray;
And give repentance but an hour's delay.

SECOND PRIEST.

Air.

Thrice happy, who in happy hour
To Heaven their praise bestow,
And own his all-consuming power
Before they feel the blow.

FIRST PROPHET.

Recitative.

Now, now's our time! ye wretches bold and blind,
Brave but to God and cowards to mankind,
Too late you seek that power unsought before—
Your wealth, your pride, your empire, are no more.

Air.

O Lucifer! thou son of morn,
Alike of Heaven and man the foe—
Heaven, men, and all,
Now press thy fall,
And sink thee lowest of the low.

SECOND PRIEST. [PROPHET?]

O Babylon! how art thou fallen—
Thy fall more dreadful from delay;
Thy streets forlorn
To wilds shall turn,
Where toads shall pant and vultures prey!

FIRST PROPHET.

Recitative.

Such be their fate! But, listen! from afar
The clarion's note proclaims the finish'd war:
Cyrus, our great restorer, is at hand,
And this way leads his formidable band.
Now give your songs of Zion to the wind,
And hail the benefactor of mankind:
He comes, pursuant to divine decree,
To chain the strong, and set the captive free.

Chorus of YOUTHS.

Rise to raptures past expressing,
Sweeter from remember'd woes;

Cyrus comes, our wrongs redressing,
Comes to give the world repose.

Chorus of VIRGINS.

Cyrus comes, the world redressing,
Love and pleasure in his train;
Comes to heighten every blessing
Comes to soften every pain.

Chorus of YOUTHS *and* VIRGINS.

Hail to him with mercy reigning,
Skill'd in every peaceful art;
Who from bonds our limbs unchaining,
Only binds the willing heart.

Last chorus.

But chief to thee, our God, our father, friend,
Let praise be given to all eternity:
O Thou without beginning, without end—
Let us, and all, begin and end in thee.

Finis.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.[21]

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowship, at twenty-five,
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And *freshmen* wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arriv'd at thirty-six?
Oh! had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town;

Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop.
Oh! had her eyes forgot to blaze;
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.
Oh!—but let exclamation cease;
Her presence banish'd all his peace:
So, with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms:
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And, though she felt his usage rough.
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew;
The second brought its transports too;
A third, a fourth, were not amiss;
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss;
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay:

Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind—
That very face had robb'd her mind.
Skill'd in no other arts was she
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle.
'Tis true, she dress'd with modern grace—
Half-naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy nightcaps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short—by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee;
The squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations,

Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus, as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown:
He fancies every vice she shows,
Or thins her lip or points her nose;
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!

He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz—
And, though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravel'd noose,
As each a different way pursues—
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promis'd to hold them on for life—
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower,
Lo! the small-pox—whose horrid glare
Level'd its terrors at the fair;

And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.
The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a—perfect fright.
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes;
In vain she tries her paste and creams
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams:
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens;
The squire himself was seen to yield—
And even the captain quit the field.
Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old.
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd;
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean;

No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day:
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a—perfect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.[22]

LONG had I sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind—
The modern scribbling kind, who write
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite—
Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's[23] *Pantheon*,
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair.
But let us not proceed too furious;
First please to turn to god Mercurius:
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth.

The stress of all my proofs on him I lay;
And now proceed we to our simile.
Imprimis, pray observe his hat;
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why, these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right—
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bards decreed:
A just comparison—proceed.
In the next place, his feet peruse;
Wings grow again from both his shoes:
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air.
And here my simile unites—
For, in a modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.
Lastly, vouchsafe to observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand,
By classic authors term'd caduceus,
And highly fam'd for several uses;

To wit, most wondrously endu'd,
No poppy-water half so good—
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add, too, what certain writers tell—
With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then:
His wand's a modern author's pen:
The serpents round about it twin'd
Denote him of the reptile kind—
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike, too, both conduce to sleep—
This difference only, as the god
Drove souls to Tartarus with his rod,
With his goose-quill the scribbling elf
Instead of others damns himself.

And here my simile almost tripp'd;
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.

Moreover, Mercury had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he.
But even this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance:
Our modern bards! why, what a-pox
Are they—but senseless stones and blocks?

The Hermit.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
Alike a foe to noisy folly.

THE HERMIT.

A BALLAD.[74]

I.

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray;

II.

"For here, forlorn and lost, I tread
With fainting steps and slow—
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

III.

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

IV.

"Here, to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And, though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

V.

"Then turn, to-night, and freely share
What'er my cell bestows—
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

VI.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn—
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them;

VII.

"But, from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring—
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring

VIII.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

IX.

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

X.

Far, in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

XI.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

XII.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

XIII.

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smil'd:
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

XIV.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries—
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies;

XV.

But, nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe—
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

XVI.

His rising cares the hermit spied—
With answering care oppress'd;
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

XVII.

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

XVIII.

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay—
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they;

XIX.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep—
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

XX.

"And love is still an emptier sound—
The modern fair-one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

XXI.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush—
And spurn the sex," he said;
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His lovelorn guest betray'd:

XXII.

Surpris'd, he sees new beauties rise
Swift mantling to the view—
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

XXIII.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confess'd,
A maid in all her charms.

XXIV.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried—
"Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside;

XXV.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray—
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

XXVI.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne—
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine:
He had but only me.

XXVII.

"To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

XXVIII.

"Each hour, a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd—
But never talk'd of love.

XXIX.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had—
But these were all to me.

XXX.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
He carol'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

XXXI.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind;

XXXII.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine:
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

XXXIII.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

XXXIV.

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

XXXV.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

XXXVI.

"And there, forlorn, despairing, hid—
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

XXXVII.

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair-one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

XXXVIII.

"Turn, Angelina! ever dear—
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

XXXIX.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine!

XL.

"No; never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true:
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

AN ELEGY

ON

THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.*

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And, if you find it wondrous short—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found:
As many dogs there be;
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But, when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around, from all the neighbouring streets,
The wondering neighbours ran;
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every christian eye;

And, while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied:
The man recover'd of the bite;
The dog it was that died.

SONG.[25]

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds, too late, that men betray—
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

EPITAPH

ON

EDWARD PURDON.*

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world—
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

ANSWER

TO

AN INVITATION TO DINNER, 1769?[28]

"This *is* a poem! This *is* a copy of verses!"

YOUR mandate I got—
You may all go to pot:
Had your senses been right,
You'd have sent before night.
As I hope to be sav'd,
I put off being shav'd—
For I could not make bold,
While the matter was cold,
To meddle in suds,
Or to put on my duds;

So tell Horneck and Nesbitt,
And Baker and his bit,
And Kauffman beside,
And the *jessamy* bride,
With the rest of the crew,
The Reynoldses two,
Little *comedy's* face,
And the captain in lace.
—By the by, you may tell him
I have something to sell him;
Of use I insist,
When he comes to enlist.
Your worships must know
That a few days ago,
An order went out,
For the foot guards so stout
To wear tails in high taste—
Twelve inches at least:
Now I've got him a scale
To measure each tail;
To lengthen a short tail,
And a long one to curtail.—

Yet how can I, when vex'd.
Thus stray from my text!
Tell each other to rue
Your Devonshire crew,
For sending so late
To one of my state.
But 'tis Reynolds's way
From wisdom to stray,
And Angelica's whim
To be frolic like him—

But, alas! your good worships, how could they be wiser,
When both have been spoil'd in to-day's *Advertiser?*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

EPITAPH

ON

THOMAS PARNELL.[29]

This tomb, inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way?
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow—
The transitory breath of fame below;
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON:

AN EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.[30]

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter:
The haunch was a picture for painters to study—
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts in my chambers to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of *virtù;*
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show—
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce
This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce?

Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Byrne.[31]
To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch—
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undress'd,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose—
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival *Monroe*'s—[32]
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when:
There's *Howard*, and *Coley*, and H—rth, and *Hiff*—[33]
I think they love venison—I know they love beef;
There's my countryman *Higgins*[34]—oh! let him alone
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;

An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.
"What have we got here?—why, this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose—or it is in waiting?"
"Why, whose should it be?" cried I with a flounce;
"I get these things often"—but that was a bounce:
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation."
"If that be the case then," cried he, very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me:
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three.
We'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord Clare.
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
We wanted this venison to make out the dinner.
What say you—a pasty? it shall, and it must;
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter!—this venison with me to Mile-end;
No stirring, I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!"
Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself,"[35]
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life—
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife
So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine—
A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine—
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
"For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale:
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the *Snarler*,[36] the other the *Scourge;*
Some think he writes *Cinna*—he owns to *Panurge*."
While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon was seen,
At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there was spinach and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round.
But what vex'd me most was that d—'d Scottish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue;
And, "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on:
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curs'd,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."
"The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
"I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week;
I like these here dinners so pretty and small—
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."
"Oh—Oh!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice—
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice;
There's a pasty."—"A pasty!" repeated the Jew;
"I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.[57]

Overture.—A solemn dirge.

Air.—Trio.

ARISE, ye sons of worth, arise,
And waken every note of woe;
When truth and virtue reach the skies,
'Tis ours to weep the want below!

Chorus.

When truth and virtue reach the skies,
'Tis ours to weep the want below!

MAN *speaker.*

The praise attending pomp and power,
The incense given to kings,

Are but the trappings of an hour—
Mere transitory things!
The base bestow them; but the good agree
To spurn the venal gifts as flattery.
But, when to pomp and power are join'd
An equal dignity of mind—
When titles are the smallest claim—
When wealth and rank and noble blood
But aid the power of doing good—
Then all their trophies last; and flattery turns to fame.
Bless'd spirit thou, whose fame, just born to bloom,
Shall spread and flourish from the tomb,
How hast thou left mankind for heaven!
Even now reproach and faction mourn,
And, wondering how their rage was borne,
Request to be forgiven.
Alas! they never had thy hate;
Unmov'd, in conscious rectitude,
Thy towering mind self-centred stood,
Nor wanted man's opinion to be great.
In vain, to charm thy ravish'd sight,
A thousand gifts would fortune send;

In vain, to drive thee from the right,
A thousand sorrows urg'd thy end:
Like some well-fashion'd arch thy patience stood,
And purchas'd strength from its increasing load.
Pain met thee like a friend that set thee free;
Affliction still is virtue's opportunity!

Virtue, on herself relying,
Every passion hush'd to rest,
Loses every pain of dying,
In the hopes of being bless'd.
Every added pang she suffers,
Some increasing good bestows,
And every shock that malice offers,
Only rocks her to repose.

Song.—By a MAN.—*Affettuoso.*

Virtue, on herself relying,
Every passion hush'd to rest,
Loses every pain in dying,
In the hopes of being bless'd.

Every added pang she suffers,
Some increasing good bestows,
Every shock that malice offers,
Only rocks her to repose.

WOMAN *speaker.*

Yet, ah! what terrors frown'd upon her fate—
Death, with its formidable band,
Fever and pain and pale consumptive care,
Determin'd took their stand:
Nor did the cruel ravagers design
To finish all their efforts at a blow;
But, mischievously slow,
They robb'd the relic and defac'd the shrine.

With unavailing grief,
Despairing of relief,
Her weeping children round,
Beheld each hour
Death's growing power,
And trembled as he frown'd.

As helpless friends who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar,
While winds and waves their wishes cross—
They stood, while hope and comfort fail,
Not to assist, but to bewail
The inevitable loss.
Relentless tyrant, at thy call
How do the good, the virtuous fall!
Truth, beauty, worth, and all that most engage,
But wake thy vengeance and provoke thy rage.

Song.—By a MAN.—*Basso.—Staccato.—Spiritoso.*

When vice my dart and scythe supply,
How great a king of terrors I!
If folly, fraud, your hearts engage,
Tremble, ye mortals, at my rage!

Fall, round me fall, ye little things,
Ye statesmen, warriors, poets, kings;
If virtue fail her counsel sage,
Tremble, ye mortals, at my rage!

MAN *speaker.*

Yet let that wisdom, urg'd by her example,
Teach us to estimate what all must suffer;
Let us prize death as the best gift of nature—
As a safe inn, where weary travellers,
When they have journey'd through a world of cares,
May put off life and be at rest for ever.
Groans, weeping friends, indeed, and gloomy sables,
May oft distract us with their sad solemnity:
The preparation is the executioner.
Death, when unmask'd, shows me a friendly face,
And is a terror only at a distance;
For as the line of life conducts me on
To death's great court, the prospect seems more fair.
'Tis Nature's kind retreat, that's always open
To take us in when we have drain'd the cup
Of life, or worn our days to wretchedness.
In that secure, serene retreat,
Where all the humble, all the great,
Promiscuously recline;

Where wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie,
May every bliss be thine.
And, ah! bless'd spirit, wheresoe'er thy flight,
Through rolling worlds, or fields of liquid light,
May cherubs welcome their expected guest;
May saints with songs receive thee to their rest;
May peace, that claim'd while here thy warmest love,
May blissful, endless peace, be thine above!

Song.—By a WOMAN.—*Amoroso.*

Lovely, lasting peace below,
Comforter of every woe,
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky—
Lovely, lasting peace appear;
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden bless'd,
And man contains it in his breast.

WOMAN *speaker.*

Our vows are heard! long, long to mortal eyes,
Her soul was fitting to its kindred skies:
Celestial-like her bounty fell,—
Where modest want and patient sorrow dwell;
Want pass'd for merit at her door,
  Unseen the modest were supplied,
Her constant pity fed the poor—
  Then only poor, indeed, the day she died.
And, oh! for this, while sculpture decks thy shrine,
  And art exhausts profusion round,
The tribute of a tear be mine,
  A simple song, a sigh profound.
There faith shall come, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the tomb that wraps thy clay;
And calm religion shall repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.
Truth, fortitude, and friendship shall agree,
To blend their virtues while they think of thee.

Air.—Chorus.—Pomposo.

Let us, let all the world agree,
To profit by resembling thee.

End of the First Part.

Part II.

Overture.—Pastorale.

MAN *speaker.*

Fast by that shore where Thames' translucent stream
Reflects new glories on his breast,
Where, splendid as the youthful poet's dream,
He forms a scene beyond Elysium bless'd—
Where sculptur'd elegance and native grace
Unite to stamp the beauties of the place,
While sweetly blending still are seen
The wavy lawn, the sloping green—

While novelty, with cautious cunning,
Through every maze of fancy running,
From China borrows aid to deck the scene—
There, sorrowing by the river's glassy bed,
Forlorn a rural band complain'd,
All whom Augusta's bounty fed,
All whom her clemency sustain'd;
The good old sire, unconscious of decay,
The modest matron, clad in home-spun gray,
The military boy, the orphan'd maid,
The shatter'd veteran, now first dismay'd:
These sadly join beside the murmuring deep;
And, as they view
The towers of Kew,
Call on their mistress—now no more—and weep.

Chorus.—Affettuoso.—Largo.

Ye shady walks, ye waving greens,
Ye nodding towers, ye fairy scenes—
Let all your echoes now deplore
That she who form'd your beauties is no more.

MAN *speaker.*

First of the train the patient rustic came,
Whose callous hand had form'd the scene,
Bending at once with sorrow and with age,
With many a tear and many a sigh between;
"And where," he cried, "shall now my babes have bread,
Or how shall age support its feeble fire?
No lord will take me now, my vigour fled,
Nor can my strength perform what they require;
Each grudging master keeps the labourer bare—
A sleek and idle race is all their care.
My noble mistress thought not so:
Her bounty, like the morning dew,
Unseen, though constant, us'd to flow;
And as my strength decay'd, her bounty grew.

WOMAN *speaker.*

In decent dress, and coarsely clean,
The pious matron next was seen—

Clasp'd in her hand a godly book was borne,
By use and daily meditation worn;
That decent dress, this holy guide,
Augusta's care had well supplied.
"And ah!" she cries, all woe-begone,
"What now remains for me?
Oh! where shall weeping want repair,
To ask for charity?
Too late in life for me to ask,
And shame prevents the deed,
And tardy, tardy are the times
To succour, should I need.
But all my wants, before I spoke,
Were to my mistress known;
She still reliev'd, nor sought my praise,
Contented with her own.
But every day her name I'll bless—
My morning prayer, my evening song:
I'll praise her while my life shall last,
A life that cannot last me long."

Song.—By a WOMAN.

Each day, each hour, her name I'll bless—
My morning and my evening song;
And when in death my vows shall cease,
My children shall the note prolong.

MAN *speaker.*

The hardy veteran after struck the sight,
Scarr'd, mangled, maim'd in every part;
Lopp'd of his limbs in many a gallant fight,
In nought entire—except his heart.
Mute for a while, and sullenly distress'd,
At last the impetuous sorrow fir'd his breast:

"Wild is the whirlwind rolling
O'er Afric's sandy plain,
And wild the tempest howling
Along the billow'd main;
But every danger felt before—
The raging deep, the whirlwind's roar—
Less dreadful struck me with dismay,
Than what I feel this fatal day.

Oh! let me fly a land that spurns the brave—
Oswego's dreary shores shall be my grave;
I'll seek that less inhospitable coast,
And lay my body where my limbs were lost."

Song.—By a MAN.—*Basso.—Spiritoso.*

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Crécy's laurell'd field,
To do thy memory right;
For thine and Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish the avenging fight.

WOMAN *speaker.*

In innocence and youth complaining,
Next appear'd a lovely maid—
Affliction o'er each feature reigning,
Kindly came in beauty's aid;
Every grace that grief dispenses,
Every glance that warms the soul,
In sweet succession charm'd the senses,
While pity harmoniz'd the whole.

"The garland of beauty"—'tis thus she would say—
"No more shall my crook or my temples adorn,
I'll not wear a garland—Augusta 's away,
I'll not wear a garland until she return ;
But alas ! that return I never shall see,
The echoes of Thames shall my sorrows proclaim,
There promis'd a lover to come—But, O me !
'Twas death—'twas the death of my mistress that came.
But ever, for ever, her image shall last,
I'll strip all the spring of its earliest bloom ;
On her grave shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
And the new-blossom'd thorn shall whiten her tomb."

Song.—By a WOMAN.—*Pastorale.*

With garlands of beauty the queen of the May
No more will her crook or her temples adorn ;
For who'd wear a garland when she is away,
When she is remov'd, and shall never return ?

On the grave of Augusta these garlands be plac'd,
We'll rifle the spring of its earliest bloom ;
And there shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
And the new blossom'd thorn shall whiten her tomb.

Chorus.—Altro modo.

On the grave of Augusta this garland be plac'd,
We'll rifle the spring of its earliest bloom;
And there shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
And the tears of her country shall water her tomb.

ANSWER

TO AN INVITATION TO BARTON;

THE RESIDENCE OF HENRY BUNBURY, ESQ.[33]

FIRST let me suppose, what may shortly be true,
The company set, and the word to be—loo;
All smirking and pleasant, and big with adventure,
And ogling the stake which is fix'd in the centre.
Round and round go the cards, while I inwardly damn,
At never once finding a visit from pam.
I lay down my stake, apparently cool,
While the harpies about me all pocket the pool;
I fret in my gizzard—yet, cautious and sly,
I wish all my friends may be bolder than I:
Yet still they sit snug; not a creature will aim,
By losing their money, to venture at fame.

'Tis in vain that at niggardly caution I scold.
'Tis in vain that I flatter the brave and the bold;
All play their own way, and they think me an ass:
'What does Mrs. Bunbury?' "I, sir? I pass."
'Pray what does Miss Horneck?' 'Take courage, come, do!'
"Who, I? Let me see, sir; why I must pass too."
Mr. Bunbury frets, and *I* fret like the devil,
To see them so cowardly, lucky, and civil;
Yet still I sit snug, and continue to sigh on,
Till made by my losses as bold as a lion,
I venture at all; while my avarice regards
The whole pool as my own. 'Come, give me five cards.'
"Well done!" cry the ladies; "ah! doctor, that's good—
The pool's very rich. Ah! the doctor is loo'd."
Thus foil'd in my courage, on all sides perplex'd,
I ask for advice from the lady that's next.
'Pray, ma'am, be so good as to give your advice;
Don't you think the best way is to venture for't twice?'
"I advise," cries the lady, "to try it, I own,—
Ah! the doctor is loo'd: come, doctor, put down."
Thus playing and playing I still grow more eager,
And so bold and so bold, I'm at last a bold beggar.

Now, ladies, I ask—if law-matters you're skill'd in—
Whether crimes such as yours should not come before
Fielding;[40]
For, giving advice that is not worth a straw
May well be call'd picking of pockets in law—
And picking of pockets, with which I now charge ye,
Is, by *quinto Elizabeth*—death without clergy.
What justice! when both to the Old Bailey brought;
By the gods! I'll enjoy it though 'tis but in thought.
Both are plac'd at the bar with all proper decorum,
With bunches of fennel and nosegays before 'em;
Both cover their faces with mobs and all that,
But the judge bids them, angrily, take off their hat.
When uncover'd, a buzz of inquiry runs round:
"Pray what are their crimes?" "They've been pilfering
found."
"But, pray, who have they pilfer'd?" "A doctor, I hear."
"What, yon solemn-fac'd odd-looking man that stands
near?"
"The same." "What a pity! How does it surprise one:
Two handsomer culprits I never set eyes on!"

Then their friends all come round me, with cringing and leering,
To melt me to pity and soften my swearing.
First Sir Charles[41] advances, with phrases well strung:
"Consider, dear doctor, the girls are but young."
'The younger the worse,' I return him again;
'It shows that their habits are all dy'd in grain.'
"But then they're so handsome; one's bosom it grieves."
'What signifies handsome, when people are thieves?'
"But where is your justice? their cases are hard."
'What signifies justice?—I want the reward.'

'There's the parish of Edmonton offers forty pounds—there's the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, offers forty pounds—there's the parish of Tyburn, from the Hog-in-the-pound to St. Giles's watchhouse, offers forty pounds: I shall have all that if I convict them.'—

"But consider their case, it may yet be your own;
And see how they kneel: is your heart made of stone?"
This moves: so, at last, I agree to relent
For ten pounds in hand and ten pounds to be spent.

I challenge you all to answer this. I tell you, you cannot: it cuts deep. But now for the rest of the letter; and next—but I want room—so I believe I shall battle the rest out at Barton some day next week.

I don't value you all!

SONG.

Ah, me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me;
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally, and combat the ruiner;
Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion discover:
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent—loses a lover.

SONG.[a]

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning—
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives *genus* a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods;
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians:
Their *quis*, and their *quæs*, and their *quods*:
They're all but a parcel of pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When Methodist preachers come down,
A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown,
They always preach best with a skinful;

But when you come down with your pence,
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense—
But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever;
Our hearts and our liquors are stout—
Here's the *Three Jolly Pigeons* for ever.
Let some cry up woodcock or hare;
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the birds in the air—
Here's a health to the *Three Jolly Pigeons.*
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

RETALIATION:

INCLUDING

EPITAPHS ON THE MOST DISTINGUISHED WITS OF THIS METROPOLIS.[44]

Of old, when Scarrón[45] his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself—and he brings the best dish:
Our dean[46] shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke[47] shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;
Our Will[48] shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour—
And Dick[49] with his pepper shall heighten their savour;
Our Cumberland's[50] sweetbread its place shall obtain;
And Douglas[51] is pudding, substantial and plain;

Our Garrick's[52] a salad—for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree;
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge[53] is anchovy, and Reynolds[54] is lamb;
That Hickey's[55] a capon; and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith[56] a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter! more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder—and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean,[57] re-united to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt—
At least, in six weeks, I could not find them out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied them,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide them.

Here lies our good Edmund,[58] whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit:
Too nice for a statesman; too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir—
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William,[59] whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't:
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam—
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard,[60] whose fate I must sigh at;
Alas! that such frolic should now be so quiet.
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest—and now breaking a limb;

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball;
Now teasing and vexing—yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies,[61] having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine!
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out—
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,

Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last—and drew from himself?
Here Douglas[62] retires, from his toils to relax—
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines;
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines!
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety—I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture—
Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style—
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.
Here lies David Garrick[63]—describe me, who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man:
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.

Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day.
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours while you got and you gave,
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:

Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspere receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey[64] reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, no, no—for he always was wiser;
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that;
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah, no!
Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn ye—
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds[65] is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a better or wiser behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part—
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.

To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raffaelles, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

POSTSCRIPT.[66]

Here Whitefoord[67] reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a *grave* man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun—
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere—
A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whose daily *bons mots* half a column might fill;
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so liberal a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd;
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content "if the table he set on a roar"—

Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copied his squibs and re-echoed his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it—you can do no less—
Cross-readings, *ship-news*, and *mistakes of the press*.

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for *thy* sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour—I had almost said wit:
This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse—
Thou best-humour'd man with the worst-humour'd muse.

FRAGMENTARY TRANSLATIONS.[68]

I.

The shouting army cried with joy extreme:[69]
He sure must conquer; who himself can tame!

II.

They knew and own'd the monarch of the main.[70]
The sea, subsiding, spreads a level plain;
The curling waves before his coursers fly;
The parting surface leaves his brazen axle dry.

III.

SAY, heavenly muse, their youthful frays rehearse ;[71]
Begin, ye daughters of immortal verse.
Exulting rocks have own'd the power of song,
And rivers listen'd as they flow'd along.

IV.

THUS, when soft love subdues the heart[72]
With smiling hopes and chilling fears,
The soul rejects the aid of art,
And speaks in moments more than years.

V.

Of all the fish that graze beneath the flood,[73]
He, *only*, ruminates his former food.

VI.

CHASTE are their instincts, faithful is their fire,[74]
No foreign beauty tempts to false desire;
The snow-white vesture, and the glittering crown,
The simple plumage, or the glossy down,
Prompt not their love: the patriot bird pursues
His well acquainted tints, and kindred hues.
Hence through their tribes no mix'd polluted flame,
No monster-breed to mark the groves with shame;
But the chaste blackbird, to its partner true,
Thinks black alone is beauty's favourite hue;
The nightingale, with mutual passion bless'd,
Sings to its mate, and nightly charms the nest;
While the dark owl to court his partner flies,
And owns his offspring in their yellow eyes.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

THE PROLOGUE

OF

DECIMUS LABERIUS;[1]

A ROMAN KNIGHT, AND POPULAR FARCE-WRITER.

FROM THE LATIN, AS PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS.

WHAT! no way left to shun the inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age?
Scarce half-alive, oppress'd with many a year,
What in the name of dotage drives me here!
A time there was, when glory was my guide—
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside:
Unaw'd by power, and unappall'd by fear,
With honest thrift I held my honour dear;
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more—

For, ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine!
Him I obey, whom heaven itself obeys;
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
Here then at once I welcome every shame,
And cancel at threescore a life of fame;
No more my titles shall my children tell—
The old buffoon will fit my name as well;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

EPILOGUE

TO

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

As puffing quacks some caitiff wretch procure
To swear the pill, or drop, has wrought a cure—
Thus, on the stage, our play-wrights still depend,
For epilogues and prologues, on some friend
Who knows each art of coaxing up the town;
And make full many a bitter pill go down.
Conscious of this, our bard has gone about,
And teas'd each rhyming friend to help him out.
'An epilogue—things can't go on without it;
It could not fail, would you but set about it.'
"Young man," cries one—a bard laid up in clover—
"Alas! young man, my writing days are over;

Let boys play tricks, and kick the straw; not I:
Your brother doctor there, perhaps may try."
"What, I? dear sir," the doctor interposes;
"What, plant my thistle, sir, among his roses!
No, no; I've other contests to maintain;
To-night I head our troops at Warwick-lane:[3]
Go, ask your manager."[4]—"Who, me? your pardon;
Those things are not our forte at Covent-garden."
Our author's friends, thus plac'd at happy distance,
Give him good words indeed, but no assistance:
As some unhappy wight, at some new play,
At the pit door stands elbowing away,
While oft, with many a smile, and many a shrug,
He eyes the centre, where his friends sit snug—
His simpering friends, with pleasure in their eyes,
Sink as he sinks, and as he rises rise;
He nods, they nod; he cringes, they grimace;
But not a soul will budge to give him place.
Since then, unhelp'd, our bard must now conform
To "bide the pelting of this pitiless storm"—
Blame where you must, be candid where you can;
And be each critic the *Good-natur'd Man.*

EPILOGUE

TO

THE SISTER.[5]

WHAT! five long acts—and all to make us wiser!
Our authoress sure has wanted an adviser.
Had she consulted *me*, she should have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade:
Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green-room on the stage:
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking;
Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of thinking.
Well, since she thus has shown her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade?—I will.

But how? ay, there's the rub! [*pausing*]—I've got my cue:

The world's a masquerade; the maskers, you, you, you.

[*To boxes, pit, and gallery.*

Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses—
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses!
Statesmen with bridles on; and, close beside them,
Patriots, in party-colour'd suits, that ride them.
There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.
These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.
Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman;
The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem every thing but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems to have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,
Looking as who should say, Dam'me! who's afraid?

[*Mimicking.*

Strip but his vizor off, and sure I am
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state;
Yet, when he deigns his real shape to assume,
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
And seems to every gazer all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's a black!
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
Well then, a truce, since she requests it too:
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

PROLOGUE

TO

ZOBEIDE.[6]

In these bold times, when learning's sons explore
The distant climate, and the savage shore—
When wise astronomers to India steer,[7]
And quit for *Venus* many a brighter here—
While botanists, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently go simpling—
When every bosom swells with wondrous scenes,
Priests, cannibals, and *hoity-toity* queens—
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With Scythian[8] stores, and trinkets, deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading--

Yet ere he lands he 'as order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven? our reckoning sure is lost!
This seems a barren and a dangerous coast.
Lord, what a sultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder;
[*Upper gallery.*
There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen them— [*Pit.*
Here trees of stately size—and turtles in them;
[*Balconies.*
Here ill condition'd oranges abound— [*Stage.*
And apples, [*Takes up one and tastes it*] *bitter* apples, strew the ground.
The place is uninhabited I fear;
I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!
Oh! there the natives are—a dreadful race!
The men have tails, the women paint the face!
No doubt they're all barbarians—yes, 'tis so,
I'll try to make palaver with them though;
[*Making signs.*

'Tis best however keeping at a distance.
Good savages, our captain craves assistance;
Our ship's well stor'd; in yonder creek we've laid her;
His honour is no mercenary trader:
This is his first adventure; lend him aid,
Or you may chance to spoil a thriving trade.
His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far—
Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What! no reply to promises so ample?
I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

EPILOGUE

WRITTEN FOR

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Enter Mrs. Bulkley, who courtesies very low as beginning to speak; then enter Miss Catley, who stands full before her, and courtesies to the audience.

MRS. BULKLEY.

HOLD, ma'am, your pardon. What's your business here?

MISS CATLEY.

The epilogue.

MRS. BULKLEY.

The epilogue?

MISS CATLEY.

Yes, the epilogue, my dear.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Sure you mistake, ma'am. The epilogue? *I* bring it.

MISS CATLEY.

Excuse me, ma'am. The author bid *me* sing it.

Recitative.

Ye beaux and belles, that form this splendid ring,
Suspend your conversation while I sing.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Why, sure the girl's beside herself! an epilogue of singing?
A hopeful end indeed to such a bless'd beginning.
Besides, a singer in a comic set!
Excuse me, ma'am, I know the etiquette.

MISS CATLEY.

What if we leave it to the house?

MRS. BULKLEY.

The house!—Agreed.

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULKLEY.

And she whose party's largest shall proceed.
And first, I hope, you'll readily agree
I've all the critics and the wits for me.
They, I am sure, will answer my commands:
Ye candid-judging few, hold up your hands.
What, no return? I find too late, I fear,
That modern judges seldom enter here.

MISS CATLEY.

I'm for a different set; old men, whose trade is
Still to gallant and dangle with the ladies—

Recitative.

Who mump their passion, and who, grimly smiling,
Still thus address the fair, with voice beguiling:

Air.—Cotillion.

Turn, my fairest, turn, if ever
Strephon caught thy ravish'd eye;
Pity take on your swain so clever,
Who without your aid must die.
Yes, I shall die; hu, hu, hu, hu!
Yes, I must die; ho, ho, ho, ho!
[*Da capo.*

MRS. BULKLEY.

Let all the old pay homage to your merit:
Give me the young, the gay, the men of spirit.
Ye travell'd tribe, ye macaroni train,
Of French friseurs, and nosegays, justly vain—
Who take a trip to Paris once a year
To dress, and look like awkward Frenchmen here—
Lend me your hands. Oh! fatal news to tell:
Their hands are only lent to the Heinel.[10]

MISS CATLEY.

Ay, take your travellers—travellers indeed!
Give me my bonny Scot, that travels from the Tweed.

Where are the chiels? Ah, ah! I well discern
The smiling looks of each bewitching bairn.

Air.—A bonnie young lad is my Jockey.

I'll sing to amuse you by night and by day,
And be unco merry when you are but gay;
When you with your bagpipes are ready to play,
My voice shall be ready to carol away
With Sandy, and Sawney, and Jockey,
With Sawney, and Jarvie, and Jockey.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Ye gamesters, who, so eager in pursuit,
Make but of all your fortune one *va toute;*
Ye jockey tribe, whose stock of words are few—
"I hold the odds—done, done, with you, with you;"
Ye barristers, so fluent with grimace—
"My lord, your lordship misconceives the case;"
Doctors, who cough and answer every misfortuner—
"I wish I'd been call'd in a little sooner:'
Assist my cause with hands and voices hearty;
Come, end the contest here, and aid my party.

MISS CATLEY.

Air.—Ballinamony.

Ye brave Irish lads, hark away to the crack—
Assist me, I pray, in this woful attack;
For sure I don't wrong you, you seldom are slack,
When the ladies are calling, to blush and hang back;
For you're always polite and attentive,
Still to amuse us inventive,
And death is your only preventive:
Your hands and your voices for me.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Well, madam, what if, after all this sparring,
We both agree, like friends to end our jarring?

MISS CATLEY.

And that our friendship may remain unbroken,
What if we leave the epilogue unspoken?

MRS. BULKLEY.

Agreed.

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULKLEY.

And now, with late repentance,
Un-epilogu'd the poet waits his sentence:
Condemn the stubborn fool who can't submit
To thrive by flattery—though he starves by wit.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

WRITTEN FOR

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.[11]

THERE is a place—so Ariosto sings—
A treasury for lost and missing things;
Lost human wits have places there assign'd them—
And they who lose their senses, there may find them.
But where's this place, this storehouse of the age?
The moon, says he—but *I* affirm, the stage:
At least, in many things, I think, I see
His lunar, and our mimic world agree.
Both shine at night—for, but at Foote's alone,[12]
We scarce exhibit till the sun goes down;
Both prone to change, no settled limits fix,
And sure the folks of both are lunatics:

But, in this parallel, my best pretence is
That mortals visit both to find their senses.
To this strange spot, rakes, macaronies, cits,
Come thronging to collect their scatter'd wits:
The gay coquette, who ogles all the day,
Comes here at night, and goes a prude away;
Hither the affected city dame advancing,
Who sighs for operas, and doats on dancing,
Taught by our art her ridicule to pause on,
Quits the ballet, and calls for *Nancy Dawson*.[19]
The gamester too, whose wits all high or low,
Oft risks his fortune on one desperate throw,
Comes here to saunter, having made his bets,
Finds his lost senses out, and pays his debts;
The mohawk too—with angry phrases stor'd,
As "Dam'me sir," and "Sir, I wear a sword"—
Here lesson'd for a while, and hence retreating,
Goes out, affronts his man, and takes a beating;
Here come the sons of scandal and of news,
But find no sense—for they had none to lose.
Of all the tribe here wanting an adviser,
Our author's the least likely to grow wiser;

Has he not seen how you your favour place
On sentimental queens and lords in lace?
Without a star, a coronet, or garter,
How can the piece expect or hope for quarter?
No high-life scenes, no sentiment—the creature
Still stoops among the low to copy nature:
Yes, he's far gone—and yet some pity fix;
The English laws forbid to punish lunatics.

EPILOGUE

TO

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.[14]

WELL! having stoop'd to conquer with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress—
Still, as a bar-maid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquer'd him, to conquer you;
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty bar-maids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, compos'd to please;
We have our *exits* and our *entrances.*
The first act shows the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of every thing afraid;
Blushes when hir'd, and with unmeaning action:
I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.
Her second act displays a livelier scene—
The unblushing bar-maid of a country inn,

Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
The chop-house toast of ogling connoisseurs.
On 'squires and cits she there displays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts—
And as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,
Even common-councilmen forget to eat.
The fourth act shows her wedded to the 'squire,
And madam now begins to hold it higher;
Pretends to taste, at operas cries *caro*,
And quits her *Nancy Dawson* for *Che faro;*
Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,
Swims round the room, the *Heinel* of Cheapside;
Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
Till, having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
Such, through our lives, the *eventful history*—
The fifth and last act still remains for me:
The bar-maid now for your protection prays;
Turns female barrister, and pleads for Bayes.[15]

EPILOGUE

WRITTEN FOR

MR. CHARLES LEE LEWES.[18]

Hold! prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense;
I'd speak a word or two—to ease my conscience:
My pride forbids it ever should be said
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a piebald vest;
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.
[*Takes off his mask.*
Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth;
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps—
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd!

Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses;
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below, the trap-door demons rise—
And from above, the dangling deities.
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do!"
No—I will act; I'll vindicate the stage
Shakspere himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns!
The maddening monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
"Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—
soft; 'Twas but a dream."
Ay, 'twas but a dream—for now there's no retreating;
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
'Twas thus that Æsop's stag—a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless—
Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
And cavill'd at his image in the flood.
"The deuce confound," he cries, "these drumstick
shanks—
They never have my gratitude nor thanks;

They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!
But for a head—yes, yes, I have a head:
How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
My horns! I'm told horns are the fashion now."
Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd, to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew.
"Hoicks! hark forward!" came thundering from behind,
He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind;
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways,
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
At length his silly head, so priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself—like me.

[*Taking a jump through the stage-door.*

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTES TO THE TRAVELLER.

[1] First published in December, 1764; and now printed from the sixth edition, dated in 1770. The improvements successively introduced, are very considerable.

Dedication. Henry Goldsmith, the author's brother, gave promise of distinction; but an early marriage impeded his advancement. He died curate of Kilkenny-west, with no increase of stipend, about the year 1768.

[2] *Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po.*

The embouchures of these rivers are the extreme points of the travels described; but, as the author was six months at Padua, he may have visited Carinthia.

[3] *Campania.*

Intended to denote *La Campagna di Roma.* The portion of it which extends from Rome to Terracina is scarcely habitable.

[4] Here, as elsewhere, the author uses the indefinite article *an* before *h* aspirated.

[5] *On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side.*

We have Idra, a town in Sweden; Idria, a town in Carniola, noted for its mines; and Hydra, a rocky island of the Grecian Archipelago: I believe the author intended Idria He had visited the *shelvy side* of the Arno.

[6] *Far to the right, where Apennine ascends.*

The Apennine *chain* of mountains.

[7] *Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride.*

Arcadia, a province of the Morea, is the traditional type of pastoral felicity.

[8] *And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide.*

A river of India, now called Jelum. It is celebrated by Lucan, the elder Pliny, Arrian, etc.

[9] *Have we not seen, etc.*

This appears to be a first sketch of *The Deserted Village.*

[10] *Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around.*

A river of North America. It flows into the Lake Ontario.

[11] *And Niagara stuns with thundering sound.*

The celebrated *falls* of that part of the river St. Lawrence which is called Niagara. Burke had before applied to them the epithet thundering.

[12] *To stop too fearful, and too faint to go."*

This impressive line was the friendly contribution of Samuel Johnson.

[13] *Though tyrant-kings or tyrant-laws restrain.*

The following lines, the penultimate couplet excepted, were also contributed by Johnson.

[14] Zeck's *iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel.*

Zeck—hitherto printed *Luke*. George and Luke Zeck, brothers, headed an insurrection in Hungary, A. D. 1514; and George, who had usurped the sovereignty, received the punishment of the red-hot iron crown. Robert-François Damiens, who attempted to assassinate Louis XV. of France, in 1757, was put to death with revolting barbarity.

NOTES TO THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

[1] First published in May, 1770; and now printed from the fourth edition, also dated in 1770. Its emendations have hitherto escaped notice.

Dedication. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had been appointed president of the Royal Academy in 1768, was not insensible to this fine dedication. He soon afterwards painted his picture of *Resignation;* which was engraved by Thomas Watson, and thus inscribed: "This attempt to express a character in *The Deserted Village* [page 66, lines 9–12] is dedicated to Dr. Goldsmith, by his sincere friend and admirer, JOSHUA REYNOLDS," 1772.

[2] *Sweet Auburn!*

Auburn—a poetical name. The site of the village is in the southern part of England.

[3] *The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest.*

The author elsewhere observes that there is no note "so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern."

[4] *And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.*

He also observes that the proper epithet for the music of the nightingale is the *pausing song*

[5] *Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.*

The river Alatamaha, pronounced *Oltamawhaw*, in North America. It is noticed by Burke as one of the boundaries of Georgia. The first attempt to colonize that province, which proved *very* unfortunate, was made under Oglethorpe, in 1732.

[6] *Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey.*

The American tiger, says Noah Webster, is the *felis onça* or jaguar.

[7] *On Tornea's cliffs or Pambamarca's side.*

The river Tornea, which falls into the Gulf of Bothnia. Pambamarca, a mountain near Quito. The author bears in memory the operations of the French philosophers in the arctic and equatorial regions, as described in the celebrated narratives of M. Maupertuis and Don Antonio de Ulloa.

[8] *That trade's proud empire,* etc.

These four lines were contributed by Johnson.

NOTES TO LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[1] From *The Miscellaneous Works*, 1801. Life, p. 5. Oliver, while a pupil at Elphin, was requested to dance a hornpipe. The musician, a youth also, ventured to compare him to Æsop; but was promptly met by *retaliation!*

[2] From the *Poems and Plays*, Dublin, Price, etc., 1777. The verses are dated at Edinburgh, 1753. No authority is cited.

[3] From *The Bee*, 1759. No. 1. Anonymous. Mr. Evans printed the same text in *The Poetical and Dramatic Works*, 1780.

[4] From *The Bee*, 1759. No. 2. Anonymous. The poem was reprinted, with the name of the author, in *A Collection of the Most Esteemed Pieces of Poetry*, 1767. It is imitated from a specimen of *étrennes en vers*, which were published by La Monnoye in 1716.

[5] Printed, says Mr. Prior, in *The Busy-Body*, 1759. No. 5. I have adopted the text of Mr. Evans, 1780. Goldsmith was no admirer of Swift. He describes him as one who, careless of censure, chose to draw nature "with all its deformities."

[6] *Aristotle and Smiglecius.* Aristotle, as the classical Addison remarks, was *one of the best logicians that ever appeared.* Smiglecius, a Pole, also became famous as a writer on logic. He died in 1618; and his work, which was reprinted at Oxford in 1638, seems to have been in use at Dublin. Our poet elsewhere notices its *dreary subtleties.*

[7] *Homo est ratione prœditum.* Man is endowed with reason.

[8] *Deus est anima brutorum.* God is the soul of brutes. It is a quotation.

[9] *Bob.* Sir Robert Walpole, the state-minister. Swift was one of his innumerable assailants.

[10] Printed in *The Bee*, 1759. No. 3. Anonymous. I have adopted the improved text of Mr. Evans, 1780. This *madrigal* is imitated from the French of Saint-Pavin, whose name occurs in the writings of Boileau and Madame de Sévigné. His poems were collectively edited in 1759.

[11] Printed, says Mr. Prior, in *The Busy-Body*, 1759. No. 7. I have adopted the text of Mr. Evans, 1780. The action before Quebec took place on the 13th of September, 1759. The death of Wolfe, amid the shout of victory, was much lamented. Goldsmith observes on the event: "It is the misfortune of humanity, that we can never know true greatness till that moment when we are going to lose it."

[12] From *The Bee*, 1759. No. 4. Anonymous. The verses were reprinted, with the name of the author, in the *Companion for a Leisure Hour*, 1769. The admirable *Elegy* of Gray, first published in 1751, gave rise to a mass of inferior imitations; and it seems to have been the design of Goldsmith, in his various burlesque elegies, to satirize this fashionable species of sentimentalism. He chose as his model *Le fameux La Galisse*—a noted French song of fifty stanzas, each of which ends with a ludicrous truism. La Monnoye, who sometimes exercised his critical powers with more than just severity, printed this song in 1715 as an illustration of the *style niais!*

[13] From *The Citizen of the World*, 1762. The Chinese philosopher, the character which Goldsmith assumes, is introduced to a club of authors at *The Broom*, near Islington. He finds them in loud debate. A "poet, in shabby finery, holding a manuscript in his hand, is earnestly endeavouring to persuade the company to hear him read the first book of an heroic poem, *which he had composed the day before.*" The other members warmly object. The rules of the club are therefore read; and the poet, after paying the established fine, recites as above—but becomes so much elated that he is "unable to proceed."

[14] *Culvert*—Calvert and Seward, of White-Cross Street. *Parsons*—Lady Parsons, now Hoare and Co.

[15] *A window, etc.* Our author had projected an *heroi-comic poem*, and has preserved the memory of his hero in these six couplets.

[16] *Prince William*—William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland; of whom there are numerous engraved portraits. Ob. 1765.

[17] From *The Citizen of the World*, 1762. The Chinese philosopher remarks that the favourite method of *writing for the stage* is the composition of panegyrics on the performers; and thus gives his instructions for a *flaunting copy of newspaper verses:* "In these nature and the actor may be set to run races, the player always coming off victorious; or nature may mistake him for herself; or old Shakspere may put on his winding-sheet and pay him a visit; or the tuneful *Nine* may strike up their harps in his praise; or should it happen to be an actress—Venus, the beauteous queen of love, and the naked *Graces*, are ever in waiting! The lady must be herself a goddess bred and born; she must —but you shall have a specimen of one of these poems, which may convey a more precise idea."

[18] From *The Citizen of the World*, 1762. The Chinese philosopher comments on the lavish expenditure of "the pastoral or *elegy*, the monody or apotheosis," when men of distinction die; condemns the use of premeditated flattery; and unfolds the "secret of flattering the worthless, and yet of preserving a safe conscience." This second burlesque *elegy*, as it is called in the table of contents, is on the model before described.

[19] From *The Citizen of the World*, 1762. The Chinese philosopher relates a conversation which *turned upon love.* The opinions were various, but chiefly in favour of its beneficial

influence. The philosopher, to keep up the dispute, affirmed it to be *merely a name*, and "no way more natural than taking snuff or chewing opium." A female orator insisted that it was a *natural and universal passion;* that it had "flourished in the coldest as well as the warmest regions—even in the sultry wilds of southern America." She then recited, in proof, her South American ode.

20 From the autograph of the poet, 1764; a valuable manuscript, communicated to the publishers by Mr. Murray of Albemarle street. Portions of two of the songs, printed in italics, are from *The Haunch of Venison*, etc., 1776. The *dramatis personæ*, omitted in the manuscript, may be thus stated: first Israelitish prophet; second Israelitish prophet; Israelitish woman; first Chaldean priest; second Chaldean priest; Chaldean woman; chorus of Israelites, etc. The captivity of Hoshea, and the ten tribes of Israel, is assigned to the year 721; the captivity of Zedekiah, king of Judah, to 587; and the conquest of Babylon, by Cyrus, to 538, B.C. This oratorio was never performed; nor, I believe, ever set to music.

21 Printed in the *Essays*, 1765. I have adopted the improved text which appears in the second edition of the *Essays*, 1766. Half a dozen couplets were judiciously rejected. The verses seem to have been written in imitation of Prior, who is commended by our poet as having introduced the "French elegant easy manner of telling a story."

22 Printed in the *Essays*, 1765. I have adopted the improved text which appears in the second edition of the *Essays*, 1766. The verses, in both editions, have the mysterious signature *J. B.

23 *Tooke*—The Rev. Andrew Tooke, F.R.S., and Master of Charter-House School. His *Pantheon*, a revised translation from the Latin of Father Pomey, became the favourite synopsis of mythology. He died in 1731.

24 First published in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766. It is now printed from the amended text which appears in *A Collection of the most esteemed Pieces of Poetry*, 1767; with an additional stanza—the 30th—given by the author to Richard Archdal, Esq., from *The Miscellaneous Works*, 1801.

This ballad requires no explanation; but, as its originality has been contested, it may be desirable to compare the statements on each side.

In 1767 the author was censured, in an anonymous communication to the printer of the *St. James' Chronicle*, a paper noted for wit and sarcasm, as the inferior copyist of Percy. He thus replied:

"SIR,

A "correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad I published some time ago, from one [*The Friar of Orders Gray*] by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago, and he—as we both considered these things as trifles at best—told me, with his usual good humour, the next

time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakspere into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarce worth printing; and were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature. I am," etc.

In 1775 Mr. Percy, on re-editing his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, gave this candid rejoinder, in a note to *The Friar of Orders Gray*:

"As the foregoing song has been thought to have suggested to our late excellent poet, Dr. Goldsmith, the plan of his beautiful ballad of *Edwin and Emma* [*Angelina*], first printed [published] in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, it is but justice to his memory to declare that his poem was written first, and that, if there is any imitation in the case, they will be found both to be indebted to the beautiful old ballad, *Gentle Herdsman*, etc., printed in the second volume of this work, which the doctor had much admired in manuscript, and has finely improved."

He also observed, in a note to *Gentle Herdsman*: "Three of the following stanzas have been finely paraphrased by Dr. Goldsmith, in his charming ballad of *Edwin and Emma*" [*Angelina*]. The stanzas to which he refers, as a paraphrase, are here numbered xxxiii—xxxvi.

This ballad was designed as a contrast to the fashionable verses of the time: "a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connexion; a string of epithets that improve the sound without carrying on the sense." It seems to have been an especial favourite of its author. In conversation with Mr. Cradock, a short time before his decease, he exclaimed: "As to my *Hermit*, that poem, Cradock, cannot be amended."

25 From *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766; with an amended line from the edition of 1773. This third elegy too frequently deviates from its model. M. Nodier remarks that its epigrammatic conclusion is imitated from the French. The author had made a sharp attack on *plaintive elegy* in his earliest work, *An Enquiry*, etc., 1759; and it is remarkable that the sarcastic design of these elegies should have failed to attract the attention of commentators. It is quite evident from the manner in which the above specimen is introduced. The vicar, happily seated by his own fire-side, where all are busied in *forming projects*, or *laughing at whatever folly comes uppermost*, assents to the proposal of a song from his youngest boy; and thus records the previous interlocution: "'Which song do you choose, *The Dying Swan*, or the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*?' 'The elegy, child, by all means,' said I, 'I never heard that yet; and Deborah, my life, grief you know is dry, let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry wine, to keep up our spirits. I have *wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late*, that without an enlivening glass I am sure this will overcome me; and Sophy, love, take your guitar, and thrum in with the boy a little.'"

26 Printed in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766. The stanzas, as introduced, have a close connexion with the tale. The vicar and family had agreed to breakfast together at the

honeysuckle bank—where Olivia first met Mr. Thornhill. Sophia favours them with a song; and *poor* Olivia, whose *voice was always sweetest in the concert*, is next called on. "She complied," says the worthy divine, "in a manner so exquisitely pathetic as moved me."

[27] From the *Poems and Plays*, 1777. This epitaph was composed while the author was proceeding from his chambers in the Temple to a club at the Globe-Tavern, in Fleet Street. Edward Purdon, a fellow-collegian of our poet, wrote an anonymous *Letter to David Garrick, Esq.*, 1759. In this pamphlet he professes to teach Garrick "how he ought to behave;" and bitterly defames Arthur Murphy, Mossop, etc.—for which he made a public apology. He is said to have translated the *Henriade* of Voltaire. He died suddenly in 1767.

[28] From *The Miscellaneous Works*, 1837. The verses were communicated to the editor by Sir Henry Bunbury, Bart. The *Amphitryon*, on this occasion, was George Baker, M. D. His expected guests were Sir Joshua Reynolds—Miss Reynolds—Angelica Kauffman—Mrs. Horneck, widow of Captain Kane Horneck—her son Charles, or the *captain in lace*—her daughters, Mary or the *Jessamy Bride*, afterwards Mrs. Gwyn, and Catherine or *Little Comedy*, afterwards Mrs. Bunbury. Baker, who attended the Reynoldses, obtained all the honours to which a learned physician is entitled to aspire. He survived till 1809.

[29] From *The Haunch of Venison*, etc., 1776. The epitaph, as I conjecture, was composed about the year 1770. Thomas Parnell, S. T. P., etc.—one of the most chaste and delightful poets in the English series. With such qualifications, with the editorial services of Pope, and the biographic tribute of Goldsmith, he may be said to unite the elements of celebrity. He died at Chester, on his way to Ireland, in 1718.

[30] First published in 1776; but written, it is believed, in 1771. It is now printed from the second edition, also dated in 1776, which is said to be taken from the *last* transcript of the author. It has ten additional lines, and numerous emendations. Robert Nugent, of Carlanstown, Westmeath, was elected a member for St. Mawes in 1741; in 1766 was created Viscount Clare; and in 1776, Earl Nugent. He was thrice married; and his surviving daughter became Marchioness of Buckingham. His odes, epistles, epigrams, etc., are much above mediocrity. He died at Dublin, and was buried at Gosfield Hall in Essex, 1788.

[31] *Mr. Byrne*—A son of George B., by Clare, sister of Lord Clare.

[32] *Monroe*—Dorothy Monroe, whose various charms are celebrated in verse by Lord Townshend.

[33] *Howard*—H. Howard? author of *The Choice Spirits Museum*, 1765. *Coley*—Colman, says Horace Walpole. *H—rth*—Hogarth? a surgeon of Golden Square. *Hiff*—Paul Hiffernan, M. D., author of *Dramatic Genius*, etc.

[34] *Higgins*—Captain Higgins? He *made a blunder* by drawing our poet into a foolish affray.

[35] *And "nobody*, etc.," is from one of the letters of the Duke of Cumberland, 1769.

[36] *Snarler*, etc. The assumed names of newspaper scribblers.

[37] From *Threnodia Augustalis*, etc. London, W. Woodfall, 1772. Sm. 4to. This pamphlet, which is almost unique, was politely communicated to me by William Knight, Esq., F. S. A., of Canonbury Place, Islington. I transcribe the *Advertisement:* "The following may more properly be termed a compilation than a poem. It was prepared for the composer in little more than two days; and may therefore rather be considered as an industrious effort of gratitude than of genius. In justice to the composer it may likewise be right to inform the public that the music was adapted in a period of time equally short." On the *verso* we read: "*Speakers*, Mr. Lee and Mrs. Bellamy. *Singers*, Mr. Champnes, Mr. Dine, and Miss Jameson; with twelve chorus singers. The music prepared and adapted by Signor Vento." Augusta, relict of Frederic Prince of Wales, and mother of George the Third, died at Carlton House on the 8th of February, 1772; and this piece was performed, at the establishment of Mrs. Cornelys in Soho Square, on the evening of the 20th. The poet depicts her royal highness with historical exactness: the embellishment of Kew palace and gardens, under the direction of Chambers and others, was the favourite object of her widowhood; her charities were very extensive; she experienced domestic sorrows; and latterly, to the disgrace of the public press, much unmerited abuse.

[38] From *The Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart.*, 1838. Henry, second son of Sir William Bunbury, Baronet, was celebrated in early life as an amateur artist. His union with Catherine Horneck, who was not less celebrated for her attractions, took place in 1771. He afterwards contributed to the amusement of the public under the name of Geoffrey Gambado; and, surviving his wife, died at Keswick in 1811. The above lines were written, about the year 1772, in answer to a versified invitation from Mrs. Bunbury to pass the Christmas at Barton; and to take the advice of herself and sister in playing at loo.

[39] *Miss Horneck*—Mary, afterwards the wife of General Gwyn. She survived till 1840!

[40] *Fielding*—Sir John Fielding, half-brother to the novelist. He held the office of justice for Westminster.

[41] *Sir Charles*—Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, the elder brother. He became M. P. in 1761; succeeded to the title in 1764; and died in 1821.

[42] From *The London Magazine* for June, 1774. It was transmitted to the editor with the following note:

"Sir,

"I send you a small production of the late Dr. Goldsmith, which has never been pub-

lished, and which might perhaps have been totally lost, had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardcastle, in his admirable comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer;* but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkley, who played the part, did not sing. He sung it himself, in private companies, very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air, called *The Humours of Ballamaguiry*, to which he told me he found it very difficult to adapt words; but he has succeeded happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewell. I preserve this little relic, in his own handwriting, with an affectionate care.

"I am, SIR,

"Your humble servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, left London for Scotland on the 10th of May, 1773, and did not return till the 21st of March, 1775; almost a twelvemonth after the death of Goldsmith. The air called *The Humours of Ballamaguiry*, to which he refers, is to be met with in the ninth number of the *Irish Melodies*, by Thomas Moore, Esq.

[43] From *She Stoops to Conquer*, 1773. This song was sung by Mr. Quick, in the character of Tony Lumpkin. It is thus introduced:

"SCENE, *an alehouse room. Several shabby fellows with punch and tobacco. Tony at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest; a mallet in his hand.*

"OMNES. Hurrea! hurrea! hurrea! bravo!

"FIRST FELLOW. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

"OMNES. Ay, a song, a song!

"TONY. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse, The Three Pigeons."

[44] First published on the 18th of April, 1774; a fortnight after the death of its author. We have seven nominal editions of it in the same year. I have adopted the text of *A new edition*—perhaps the fourth—of which Mr. Kearsly, the publisher, in reply to some newspaper critics, asserts the strict fidelity. The postscript appeared in the fifth edition.

The *Literary Club*, established in 1764, was on too limited a scale; and an occasional club, of which Goldsmith became a member, was some years afterwards formed. As his peculiarities had attracted notice, it was proposed to write characters of him in the shape of epitaphs. Dean Barnard, Cumberland, Garrick, and others, complied. Garrick furnished this pungent couplet:

"Here lies poet Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll;
Who wrote like Apollo—and talk'd like *poor Poll!*"

He was called on for *retaliation;* and produced, at the next meeting, the poem afterwards so called. It was his last work, but left unfinished. I have now to identify the persons named, and to justify the *characterization.*

[45] Paul Scarron—a popular French writer of the burlesque class. Our poet translated his *Roman Comique*. Scarron died in 1660.

[46] Thomas Barnard, a native of Ireland, was made Dean of Derry in 1768, and Bishop of Killaloe in 1780. In 1794, he was translated to Limerick. He died at Wimbledon in 1806.

[47] Edmund Burke—the eminent statesman, orator, and writer. He was born at Dublin in 1728, and educated at the university. He afterwards studied the law in London. In 1765 he entered the House of Commons, and acquired immediate distinction. In 1782 he was appointed paymaster of the forces, and a privy councillor. Twenty octavo volumes attest his extraordinary ability and activity. He died in 1797.

[48] William Burke—a kinsman of Edmund Burke. In 1765 he was appointed an under-secretary of state; and in 1768 obtained a seat in the House of Commons. He afterwards passed about fifteen years in India. He died in 1798.

[49] Richard Burke, a younger brother of Edmund, was a barrister-at-law. In 1764 he accepted an appointment at Grenada. In 1782 he was made a secretary to the treasury. He died, recorder of Bristol, in 1794.

[50] Richard Cumberland—the essayist, dramatist, versifier, novelist, etc. He was a native of Cambridge, and educated at Trinity College; B. A. 1750—M. A. 1754. He successively held various offices in Ireland and England, and in 1780 was employed on a mission to Madrid. He died in London in 1811.

[51] John Douglas was born at Pittenweem, N. B., in 1721. He studied at Oxford, where he proceeded M. A. in 1743. In 1748 he was appointed travelling tutor to Lord Pulteney He afterwards obtained various church preferments; and, in 1787, was advanced to the bishopric of Carlisle. In 1791 he was translated to Salisbury. He died at Windsor in 1807.

[52] David Garrick—the incomparable actor. He was born at Hereford in 1716; made his first appearance in 1741; became joint-patentee of Drury Lane Theatre in 1747; projected the Shakspere Jubilee held in 1769; retired from the stage in 1776; and died in 1779.

[53] John Ridge—a member of the Irish bar. Burke, in 1771, described him as "one of the honestest and best-natured men living, and inferior to none of his profession in ability." His epitaph was not finished.

[54] Sir Joshua Reynolds—the eminent painter and writer on art. He was born in 1723, and in 1740 placed as a pupil with Hudson. In 1749 he went to Rome, where he studied about three years. In 1761 he was elected F. R. S. In 1768 he was nominated president of the Royal Academy, and soon afterwards knighted. At the Academy alone, he exhibited two hundred and twenty-eight pictures. He died in 1792.

[55] Thomas Hickey, an Irishman, was an attorney of eminence. He died in London, at a very advanced age, in 1794.

[56] Malone states, and I believe correctly, that our poet "intended to have concluded with his own character." It would have saved his biographers no small embarrassment.

[57] The dean was a scholar and a wit; but, as it seems, careless of the praise of posterity. His epitaph on Goldsmith was very sarcastic. He wrote, however, a metrical apology—which was read at the club in the absence of Garrick. The verses are in print. He thus calls on the poet to *spare a hapless stranger*, and to *set his wit at Davy:*

"On him let all thy vengeance fall;
On me you but misplace it:
Remember how he call'd thee *Poll*—
But, ah! he dares not face it."

[58] The epitaph on Edmund Burke, whatever tact it may display, is not a very friendly effusion; and, as I conceive, must have occasioned the statesman some mortifying reflections. His success in life, even at a later period, was inadequate to his claims; but, it is hard to twit a man with his misfortunes. *Tommy Townshend*—the member for Whitechurch—of whom Junius gives a portrait as *still life*. He was afterwards created Lord Sydney. Ob. 1803.

[59] Edmund Burke is emphatic in praise of *honest William*, who lived much in his society. His "friendship for me," exclaims the orator, "has no example in these times, and would have dignified the best periods of history." The conclusion of the brilliant eulogy is: "He has nothing like a fault about him, that does not arise from the luxuriance of some generous quality."

[60] Barry, the painter, observes of Richard Burke: "No one is better stocked with good-humour;" and his published letters show uncommon exuberance of spirits. He fractured one of his legs in 1767—to which accident the poet alludes.

[61] Cumberland, at this period, was chiefly noted as a dramatist—a dramatist of the sentimental class. Here was scope for retaliation. He had, however, written his epitaph on Goldsmith in a complimentary style; and, as open sarcasm would have been an ungracious return, the poet adroitly avails himself of *persiflage*. He calls his rival—if I read correctly—a coxcomb; and for this, as if to justify the name, Cumberland afterwards expressed his gratitude!

[62] Douglas was an able controvertist. In 1750 he vindicated Milton from the insidious attacks of William Lauder; and in 1756 exposed the duplicity of Archibald Bower. Lauder and Bower were Scotchmen: the love of truth prevailed over nationality. His *Criterion*, an admired work, was also written in reply to a Scot—the more eminent and more honourable David Hume. *Our Dodds*, etc. The Reverend William Dodd had recently made him-

self conspicuous; Kenrick, hereafter noticed, had given lectures on Shakspere; and Macpherson had published a worthless translation of the Iliad of Homer. Townshend, I have already identified.

[63] Davies quotes these lines, which attracted much notice by their truth and piquancy, as "the sum of all that can be said for and against Mr. Garrick;" and, in the course of his narrative, justifies both the praise and the censure. His anxiety about fame was inordinate: he lived, says Arthur Murphy, in a *whispering gallery*. With so much merit as a man, a wit, and an actor—we must, however, pardon the failings which partly arose out of the nature of his vocation. *Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls*, etc. William Kenrick—a lexicographer, dramatist, and reviewer. He was noted for the bitterness of his criticism. Ob. 1779. Hugh Kelly, an Irishman, wrote essays, poems, and dramatic pieces. As a dramatist, he was one of the most formidable rivals of his countryman. Ob. 1777. William Woodfall, successively editor of *The London Packet*, and *The Morning Chronicle*, was matchless as a reporter of speeches, and an able theatrical critic. He made lofty pretensions to editorial impartiality—but the actor was not *always* satisfied. Ob. 1803.

[64] Hickey, alias *honest Tom Hickey*, appears to have been acquainted with some of the most eminent literary men of his time. Cumberland thus hints at his social propensities:

"Give Ridge and Hickey, generous souls!
Of whisky punch, convivial bowls."

[65] Malone, who quotes this character in his Memoir of Sir Joshua Reynolds, observes: *these were the last lines the author wrote.* In the early editions, its unfinished state is denoted by asterisks.

Reynolds, said the eloquent Burke, is the "great ornament of his country, and delight of society;" and the above epitaph, while it gratifies the admirers of the artist, does honour to the poet—of whom he was one of the best friends. Malone, Northcote, Farington, and others, bear testimony to the truth of its moral portraiture. I shall merely add, as to the historical part, that Sir Joshua was no believer in the *instantaneous raptures* of artistic critics; that he had *patiently* studied the works of Raffaelle and Correggio; that he frequently notices those masters in his celebrated *Discourses;* and that he was accustomed to use an ear-trumpet, having contracted deafness while at Rome. He is represented with his trumpet in the picture of the Royal Academy which was painted by Zoffani in 1773.

Goldsmith, it has been seen, disclaimed connoisseurship; and as he merely hints at the *works* of Reynolds, I shall characterize them in the energetic lines of an accomplished successor in the academical chair—Sir Martin Archer Shee:

"In all his works astonish'd nature views
Her silvery splendours and her golden hues;

Sublime in motion, or at rest serene,
Her charms of air and action, all are seen.
There grace appears in ever-varied forms,
There vigour animates and beauty warms;
While character, display'd in every stage
Of transient life, from infancy to age,
Strong in each line asserts the mind's control,
And on the speaking feature stamps the soul."

66 It seems that our poet designed to extend his plan. Besides the epitaph on Whitefoord, commonly called a *postscript*, he left a fragment on Topham Beauclerk—which has perished. The word *postscript*, in the early editions, refers to a memorandum of Mr. Kearsly.

67 Caleb Whitefoord, a native of Edinburgh, came to London in early life; and was for some years a wine-merchant. In 1782 he was employed in a diplomatic capacity at Paris, and in 1784 was elected F. R. S. He died in 1810. Mr. Whitefoord, who had received a classical education, was a man of varied attainments, and of a most facetious disposition. He was much connected with authors and artists; and was a frequent *pseudonymous* writer in prose and in verse. To *The Public Advertiser*, which was edited by his friend Mr. Henry Samson Woodfall, he contributed a humorous letter as Junia; *Mistakes of the Press* as Emendator, and *Cross-Readings* as Papyrius Cursor, etc. His epitaph on Goldsmith—with one also on Cumberland—was so sarcastic that he addressed an apology to Sir Joshua Reynolds *and Co.* I transcribe the last stanza:

"For those brats of my brain,
Which have caus'd so much pain,
Henceforth I'll renounce and disown 'em;
And still keep in sight
When I epitaphs write:
De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

68 In some recent editions of our poet, we have more than a hundred lines translated from Horace, etc. I have traced about a third part to Philip Francis, and therefore submit a new collection.

69 *The shouting army*, etc. *The Bee*, 1759, p. 90. Translated from a French version of Homer.

70 *They knew*, etc. *The Miscellaneous Works*, 1801, iv. 410. Translated from Homer, and proposed as an improvement of the version of Pope.

71 *Say, heavenly muse*, etc. *The Miscellaneous Works*, 1801, iv. 427. Translated from the Latin of Vida: *Dicite, vos musæ*, etc.

[72] *Thus, when soft love*, etc. *The Comic Romance of Monsieur Scarron*, 1775, ii. 161. The poetical scraps of this romance are chiefly copied from the earlier version; but this stanza was re-translated.

[73] *Of all the fish*, etc. *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, 1774, iii. 6. Translated from Ovid; the fish is the *scarus*, or bream?

[74] *Chaste are their instincts*, etc. *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, 1774, v. 312. Translated from the Latin of Addison, *Spectator*, No. 412. Our naturalist dissents from the opinion of the illustrious essayist, with respect to the "smaller tenants of the grove."

NOTES TO PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

[1] From *An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*, 1759. Laberius, when in his sixtieth year, was invited by Julius Cæsar to act in one of the numerous farces which he had composed. An invitation, as Macrobius observes, was equivalent to a command. He submitted, therefore; expressing himself on the occasion in a *prologus* of twenty-seven lines, with much point and dignity. M. Rollin revived this piece in his *Traité des Études;* and as the above *imitation* is unfinished, I give the entire version of that learned and estimable writer: PROLOGUS LABERII MIMI. *Traduction du Prologue de Labérius, poëte comique.* "Où m'a réduit presque sur la fin de mes jours la dure nécessité qui traverse nos desseins, dont tant de mortels ont voulu, et si peu ont pu éviter les coups violents et imprévus? Moi qui, dans la fleur de l'âge, avois tenu contre toute sollicitation, toute largesse, toute crainte, toute force, tout crédit, me voilà, dans ma vieillesse, renversé par les douces insinuations de ce grand homme si plein de bonté pour moi, et qui a bien voulu s'abaisser à mon égard jusqu'à d'instantes prières. Après tout, si les dieux mêmes ne lui ont pu rien refuser, souffriroit-on, moi qui ne suis qu'un homme, que j'eusse osé lui refuser quelque chose? Il faudra donc qu'après avoir vécu sans reproche jusqu'à soixante ans, sorti chevalier romain de ma maison, j'y rentre comédien! Ah! j'ai vécu trop d'un jour! O fortune excessive dans les biens comme dans les maux, si tu avois résolu de flétrir ma réputation, et de m'enlever cruellement la gloire que je m'étois acquise par les lettres, pourquoi ne m'as-tu pas produit sur le théâtre lorsque je pouvois céder avec moins de confusion, et que la vigueur de l'âge me mettoit en état de plaire au peuple et à César? Mais maintenant qu'apporté-je sur la scène? La bonne grâce du corps? l'avantage de la taille? la vivacité de l'action? l'agrément de la voix? Rien de tout cela. De même que le lierre, embrassant un arbre, l'épuise insensiblement et le tue, ainsi la vieillesse, par les années dont elle me charge, me laisse sans force et presque sans vie. Semblable à un sépulcre, je ne conserve de moi que le nom."

[2] From *The Good-Natured Man*, 1768. I ascribe the epilogue to Goldsmith on the evidence of this note: "The author, in expectation of an epilogue from a friend at Oxford, deferred writing one himself to the very last hour. What is here offered owes all its success to the graceful manner of the actress who spoke it." This comedy was first acted at Covent Garden Theatre on the 29th of January, 1768. The epilogue was spoken by Mrs. Bulkley, who had personated Miss Richland.

[3] *Warwick Lane.* The site of the former College of Physicians.

[4] *Go, ask your manager*, etc. Colman, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, had then written about ten prologues and epilogues; Garrick, the joint-patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, had written about sixty!

[5] From *The Sister: a Comedy. By Mrs. Charlotte Lennox.* 1769. This comedy was acted at Covent Garden Theatre on the 18th of February, 1769. It was not repeated. The epilogue was spoken by Mrs. Bulkley, who had personated Miss Autumn. Charlotte Ramsay, a native of America, came to England in early life; married a Mr. Lennox; and devoted herself to authorship. She was much esteemed by Johnson, Garrick, and other persons of eminence. The most remarkable of her numerous works are: *The Female Quixote*, a clever novel; the *Memoirs of Sully*, a standard translation; and *The Sister*, an amusing closet-drama. This ingenious woman, who deserved all the honours and emoluments of literature, died in reduced circumstances, in 1804.

[6] From *Zobeide. A Tragedy.* [By Joseph Cradock, Esq.] 1771. The manuscript prologue was accompanied by this note: "Mr. Goldsmith presents his best respects to Mr. Cradock, has sent him the prologue, such as it is. He cannot take time to make it better. He begs he will give Mr. Yates the proper instructions; and so, even so, he commits him to fortune, and the public." *Zobeide* was first acted at Covent Garden Theatre on the 11th of December, 1771. The prologue was spoken by Mr. Quick, in the character of a sailor.

[7] *When wise astronomers*, etc. Lieut. Cook, who had been sent out in 1768 to observe the transit of Venus at Otaheite, cast anchor in the Downs on the 12th of July, 1771. The astronomers alluded to are Cook and Green; the botanists, Banks and Solander.

[8] *With Scythian stores.* The scene of the tragedy is Scythia. Joseph Cradock, a native of Leicester, was educated at Cambridge. He left the university without graduating; but, in 1765, was created A. M. *per literas regias.* He was a proficient in music; a clever amateur actor; and wrote four volumes entitled *Memoirs. Zobeide*, above-noticed, is translated from *Les Scythes* of Voltaire. Mr. Cradock died in 1826.

[9] From *The Miscellaneous Works*, 1801. This epilogue, which had been given by its author to the Rev. Thomas Percy, was first published in the above collection. It is there imperfectly described as an *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Bulkley and Miss Catley.* The *history*

of it, and of the other epilogues written for the same comedy, is preserved in the subjoined letter from our poet to Mr. Cradock;

"MY DEAR SIR, [1773.]

"The play [*She Stoops to Conquer*] has met with a success much beyond your expectations or mine. I thank you sincerely for your epilogue, which however could not be used, but with your permission shall be printed. The story in short is this. Murphy sent me rather the outline of an epilogue than an epilogue, which was to be sung by Mrs. Catley, and which she approved. Mrs. Bulkley hearing this, insisted on throwing up her part, unless, according to the custom of the theatre, she were permitted to speak the epilogue. In this embarrassment I thought of making a quarrelling epilogue between Catley and her, debating who should speak the epilogue; but then Mrs. Catley refused, after I had taken the trouble of drawing it out. I was then at a loss indeed; an epilogue was to be made, and for none but Mrs. Bulkley. I made one, and Colman thought it too bad to be spoken; I was obliged therefore to try a fourth time, and I made a very mawkish thing, as you'll shortly see. Such is the history of my stage adventures, and which I have at last done with. I cannot help saying, that I am very sick of the stage; and though I believe I shall get three tolerable benefits, yet I shall upon the whole be a loser, even in a pecuniary light: my ease and comfort I certainly lost while it was in agitation.

"I am, MY DEAR CRADOCK,

"Your obliged, and obedient servant,

"P. S. Present my most humble respects to Mrs. Cradock." "OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

10 *Their hands are only lent to the Heinel.* Mademoiselle Heinel, a principal *artiste* at the Opera House, gave peculiar brilliancy to the season of 1773. She is reported to have been—

"brib'd from France
By macaronies, dying for a dance."

11 From *The Miscellaneous Works*, 1801. This epilogue, which had been given by its author to the Rev. Thomas Percy, was first published in the above collection. It is there described as *An Epilogue intended for Mrs. Bulkley;* but it is stated in a note, "for what comedy it was intended is not remembered." Neither Steevens nor Reed could give the information required. Now, the letter appended to the *quarrelling epilogue* decides the question: it is the second attempt of its author—the epilogue which Colman declined to sanction.

12 *There is a place—so Ariosto sings.* The poet alludes to the thirty-fourth canto of *The Orlando Furioso.* Ariosto, as translated by Mr. Stewart Rose, observes of the *lunar world*:

"There wilt thou find, if thou wilt thither post,
Whatever thou on earth beneath hast lost."

Astolpho undertakes the journey; discovers a portion of his own sense; and, in an ample flask, the lost wits of Orlando.

[13] *Both shine at night—for, but at Foote's alone.* Foote gave a morning rehearsal of *Piety in Pattens*, an anti-sentimental piece, on the 6th of March, 1773.

[14] *Nancy Dawson*—a favourite air. Anstey attests its popularity; and Colman wrote a ballad to the same lively air.

[15] From *She Stoops to Conquer*, 1773. This comedy was first acted at Covent Garden Theatre on the 15th of March, 1773. The epilogue, an obvious imitation of Shakspere, was spoken by Mrs. Bulkley, who had personated *Miss* Hardcastle; and, as Tom Davies asserts, in a *masterly* style!

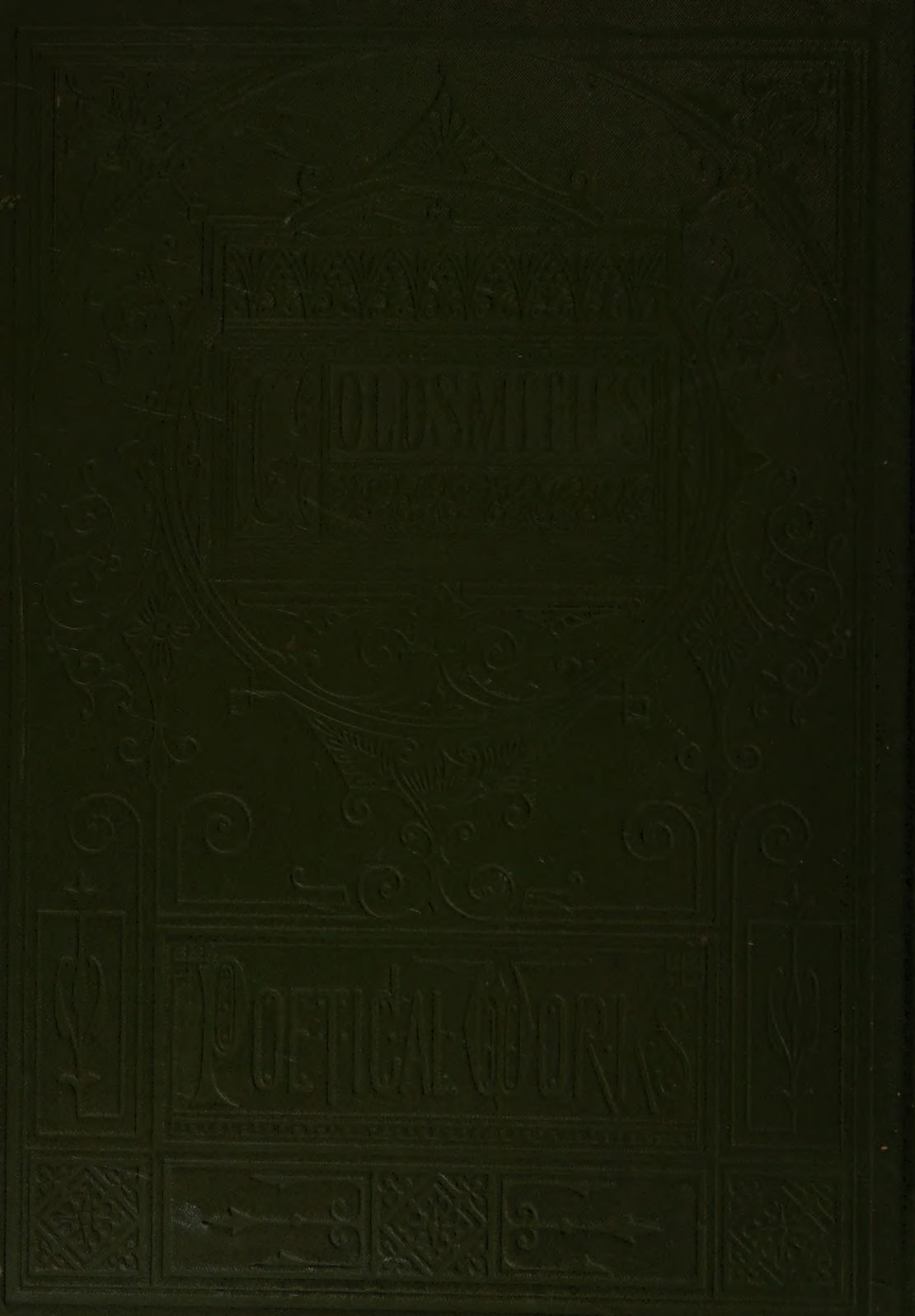
[16] *Bayes*—a character in the celebrated *Rehearsal* of the Duke of Buckingham. The name had become synonymous with *dramatist*. Garrick had *so* used it; and Colman has this couplet:

"I am an author too—my name is Bayes;
My trade is scribbling; my chief scribbling plays."

[17] From *The Poetical and Dramatic Works*, 1780. This epilogue was spoken by Mr. Lewes at Covent Garden Theatre, on the occasion of his benefit, the 7th of May, 1773. The play was *Lady Jane Grey;* the afterpiece, *Harlequin Sorcerer*—a pantomimic entertainment which had been revived with extraordinary success. Mr. Lewes acted Young Marlow in *She Stoops to Conquer;* but he was more celebrated as a harlequin, to which character the epilogue is adapted. Mr. Lewes wrote *Comic Sketches*, and *Memoirs* of himself. He died in 1803.

[18] *May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I'do!* An allusion to the composition of stage-lightning—not a profane imprecation. As Sir Walter Scott observes: "THE WREATH OF GOLDSMITH IS UNSULLIED."

THE END.


GOLDSMITH'S
POETICAL WORKS